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# HIS DEAREST WISH



W. HERBERT WARE

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# HIS DEAREST WISH.

A Novel.

BY  
MRS. HIBBERT WARE,  
AUTHOR OF  
'THE KING OF BATH,' ETC.

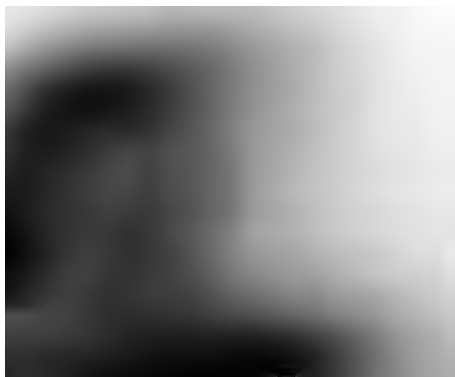
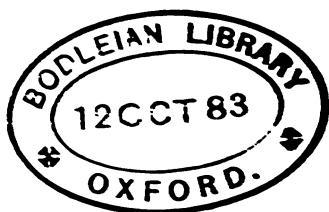
IN THREE VOLUMES.  
VOL. II.

LONDON:  
F. V. WHITE AND CO.,  
31, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

1883.

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251. 1c. 696.





## CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. DAMON AND PYTHIAS - - -	1
II. ON THE WAY TO MARTYRDOM - -	16
III. THE EVE OF THE TRIAL - - -	38
IV. A SLIPPERY TRICK - - -	68
V. 'WHA HAE YE UP THE DAY, LAIRD?' -	79
VI. 'WHA HAE I UP THE DAY, GRANT?' -	100
VII. SABBATH SMALL TALK - - -	125
VIII. NEWLISTON - - -	147
IX. ASKING ADVICE - - -	167
X. THE 'GILL BELLS' - - -	181



CHAPTER	PAGE
XI. THE TWA FAILOSOPHERS - -	- 195
XII. THE CHARMING HONEYMOON - -	- 210
XIII. JOHNNIE DOWIE'S TAVERN - -	- 225
XIV. THE BASS FIDDLE - - -	- 248



# HIS DEAREST WISH.



## CHAPTER I.

### DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

SINCE their accidental meeting in the old chapel in Blackfriars Wynd, Charlie Macdonald and Tony Witham had been almost inseparable; and the former introduced his new friend, on their Saturday afternoon holidays, to many places in and about Edinburgh with which he was as yet unacquainted.


Winifred frequently accompanied the boys on their rambles when the distance was not too great, and on such occasions,

Charlie Macdonald devoted himself to the young lady with great gallantry.

They gathered shells and caught crabs on the beach of Newhaven, they fished for perch in Duddingston Loch, and even condescended, for the gratification of the young lady, to fish for minnows in the Water of Leith. They climbed up Arthur's Seat, and played about the ruins of the chapel and hermitage of St. Anthony, which occupies a site of such singular beauty, underneath the rocks of that hill ; and they drank of the pure refreshing spring of ' St. Anton's Well,' celebrated in the mournful ditty, ' Waly, waly ' :

' Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,  
The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me ;  
St. Anton's Well shall be my drink,  
Since my true love's forsaken me.'

Then they would visit the precipitous rocks of Salisbury Crag, and gather yellow stonecrop and other wild flowers ; and, descending, they would enter the recluse and lonely valley between the Crag and Arthur's Seat, where not a human being was to be



met with or animal to be seen but the sheep feeding on the mountain-side, or the hawks and ravens winging their flight among the rocks. Extending their rambles, they would wander amongst the Braid Hills, where the fresh autumnal breeze was laden with the fragrance of heather and juniper, and try to catch trout in the little crystal Braid Burn. But Tony enjoyed a great treat when, one Saturday afternoon, his young friend took him to the Pentland Hills to see the celebrated cave of Geordie Paterson, the blacksmith, at Gilmerton, hewn by his own hands out of the solid limestone rock. Tradition says that the work occupied this sturdy son of Vulcan five years. Here he lived and here he died ; and the two boys, as they wandered through his apartments, looked at his beds, cut out of the rock, and thought that they must have been very hard to lie upon ; and examined his stone table, with a large punch-bowl excavated in it, and marvelled if he could have drunk as much punch as it could contain.

Mrs. Witham was well pleased, as the days wore on, with this new friendship which her boy had contracted ; for Charlie Macdonald was so amiable, so obliging, and yet withal so bright and clever, that the little lady soon almost forgot his relationship to the innkeeper at Inverness, and she would only sigh gently over it when Master Hog occasionally managed somewhat obtrusively to bring the unpleasant fact forward. Some excuse, however, there might be for Master Hog's exhibition of this little show of malice ; for the evident partiality of the little Withams for their new acquaintance, a preference which they were at no pains to conceal, galled and vexed him.

But, besides Charlie Macdonald, there was another frequent visitor at the house in James's Court, and this was the Laird of Kincraigie. Greatly pleased and gratified with the attention and kindness shown to a child in whom he felt such a strong interest, and pleased, moreover, with the gentle and affable manners of the little lady

herself, the laird came almost every day ; and his advent was indeed eagerly looked for by the little Withams, who showed a great liking for him. He, on his part, was extremely fond of children, and his pockets usually contained a large supply of tops, *peeries*—that is, peg-tops—and teetotums, mostly of his own manufacture, which he distributed liberally amongst them. With Mrs. Witham, as with her children, he was a great favourite ; only in her case, there was one circumstance which prevented her enjoying, as much as she would otherwise have done, the society of the laird, and this was the new and strange delusion which had taken such firm hold of the poor gentleman's imagination, and which seemed to grow stronger every day.

Mrs. Witham was well aware by this time that the poor laird's intellects were slightly deranged ; but, save for this fresh mania, he was so gentle, so inoffensive, and, in addition, so lively and pleasant a companion, that she had ever been charmed to see his tall handsome figure appear in

James's Court, under her windows, where he would stand for a moment when he caught sight of her, gallantly place his hand on his heart, then execute a graceful flourish with his Highland bonnet, and bend his body in two before he entered the house.

Latterly, however, and especially after he had been told by one of his Jacobite friends, as a great secret, that Prince Charles had recently visited London in disguise, under the assumed name of Smith—a name which his great-grandfather Charles I. had taken when he went to Madrid to woo the Infanta—the laird's elegant compliments and his ardent and poetical style of speech had become interlarded with highly excited and inflammatory political allusions launched against the House of Hanover.

He would drink to the health of King James III., and quaff bumpers to the success, in another rising, of Prince Charles, who, as he knew from certain information, would land again in Scotland ere long.

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He would raise his voice in public places in loud and vehement tones, and proclaim himself to be the sworn and deadly foe of all the reigning family, and would call out, 'Death and confusion to the German Usurper and his son the Butcher, and a' the Hanoverian rats!' or, changing his theme, he would dwell with a species of rapture on the details of his future execution on Castle Hill, and would minutely describe the process of disembowelling and dismemberment with such earnestness, satisfaction, and evident delight even, as almost to cause the long-suffering little lady to fall into a swoon, and fairly draw sobs and tears from her girls, whilst that rogue Master Tony, on the other hand, would laugh uproariously and slap his thighs with his hands, as was his wont when greatly amused.

It was not only in Mrs. Witham's apartments, however, that the laird talked and shouted treason. He bawled it out at the Market Cross, in the busiest streets, on the Castle esplanade, and under the very noses



of the sentinels and soldiers, and not only at the gates of the King's auld Tolbooth, but even in front of the City Guard-house, where he would taunt Captains Pitcairn and Pillans, and all the officers of that gallant corps, not omitting the doughty John Dhu himself, to incarcerate him ; but, alas ! all in vain ; nobody would put him in gaol as a traitor, or take any steps to bring him to trial. It would have been a partial alleviation of his grief and disappointment if he could have got any benevolent person only to have accused him of high treason ; but there was not one who would charitably lend him a helping hand to procure him the enjoyment of its pains and penalties.

One morning, he had met at Mrs. Witham's Lord Milthorp, who was staying in Edinburgh, and knowing that that nobleman was a Whig and connected with the Government, forgot his usual politeness and urbanity in his intense anxiety to be hung, drawn, and quartered, and uttered very violent tirades against King George

and the Duke of Cumberland ; but the noble lord, who had been already made acquainted with the poor laird's infirmity, listened to him in silence, and then, to his great grief and despair, told him that he could not have a worse opinion of the Duke than that which he entertained himself.

Yearning to become a martyr to the cause of Prince Charles, the laird became more and more alive each day to the fact that there was much wanting to enable him to make any pretensions to that character, and he would cry out to Mrs. Witham, in a tone of indignant pathos, 'Wherefore sud I hae and enjoy my liberty when sae mony men, far better than mysel', hae lost not only their liberty, but their lives ? Wherefore sud I live in ease and comfort, able to gang hither and thither at my own will, living in peace and quietness wi' my head on my shouldhers and my limbs fast on my trunk, whilk sud hae been, years syne, affixed ower the town-gates as honourable mementoes o' Kin-

craigie?' And then he would end his exordium by saying: 'Weel, weel, ane way or t'ither, I'll mak' an end o't, and I'll bring doon on mysel' the vengeance o' their bluidy laws.'

Now for three whole days Mrs. Witham had not seen the laird, a most unusual occurrence, which made her fear, as she observed to Mr. Hog, who had called to see her one afternoon, that something must be wrong with their friend. This impression received confirmation a few moments later, when Tony returned from school, accompanied by Charlie Macdonald, the usually bright face of the latter looking very troubled, while Tony, from sympathy, appeared less jubilant than was his wont.

'It's all about the laird,' said Tony, nodding his head, as Charlie stood twirling his bonnet, as though embarrassed how to reply to Mrs. Witham's questions.

'You see, ma'am,' he stammered, 'he is so kind and good, and my cousin, Mrs. Gillespie, would do anything she could for

him ; only this she cannot do. Why, ma'am, he wants her to put him in prison !'

'Oh lud ! did you ever hear the like ?' exclaimed Mrs. Witham, turning to Mr. Hog, and holding up her hands in amazement. 'Why, an' Mrs. Gillespie were to swear treason against him ever so stoutly, none of the authorities would listen to her. They would laugh at her, and tell her she was as much out of her mind as the poor gentleman is.'

'But it is not for treason that he wants her to put him in prison, but for debt,' said Charlie, unable to repress a smile, in spite of his trouble. 'He hasn't paid his rent for the last few weeks, and he told her yesterday he wouldn't pay her another penny till she puts him in prison.'

'I say there's a method in his madness,' said Hog, laughing. 'I'll warrant he'll outwit us some way, and get back into the Tolbooth, at any rate, if he does not get hanged, drawn, and quartered.'

'My cousin can wait for the money,' continued Charlie ; 'and so she thought

she would take no notice till Kincairgie's brother came to Edinburgh, which will be in a short time. But last night he was so angry ; I have never seen him so angry before ; and he called my cousin into the room, and he was in such a passion that she got frightened ; and she said to me this morning, " Charlie, I don't know what I must do ; for I'm afraid if I don't do as he wants, the poor gentleman will go quite mad, and perhaps do himself or some of us a mischief ;" and she said she wished Mr. Hog would chance to call, as he knew the laird so well, and might quieten him. And I am so glad, sir, that I came home with Tony,' added Charlie, addressing himself to Mr. Hog, 'because I have met you, sir ; and perhaps you will come home with me.'

'I say, laddie, I shall do nothing of the kind,' replied Mr. Hog very promptly. 'No, no ; I have had enough of shutting myself up in a room with Kincairgie. I say I'll not do it again.'

'He has such a friendship for you, Mr.

Hog,' urged Mrs. Witham, full of sympathy for the widow Gillespie; 'and he would listen to you.'

'That's as it may be,' replied Mr. Hog, with an incredulous laugh; 'but I say that, as like as not, he might all of a sudden take me for somebody else—the Duke of Cumberland, perhaps—and pitch me out of the window to break my neck on the Castle Hill. I say that the best thing Mrs. Gillespie can do is to satisfy him, and put him in prison, and have done with the business.'

'Bless my heart! put the laird in prison!' exclaimed Mrs. Witham, in a tone of sorrow mingled with indignation; whilst the little girls, in their shrill treble, piped out also:

'Oh, put the dear laird in prison! oh, how cruel! Then he can't come to see us again!'

'I say, yes, put him in prison,' replied Mr. Hog, very emphatically; 'contradiction will make him violent. I say it is easy enough to manage him. People

should let him have his own way, and not thwart him, and then all would be well. It is strange folk won't see how to act, when the path lies straight before 'em.'

'But suppose he wanted you to quarter him, sir,' suggested Tony, rather silyly; 'then you couldn't let him have his own way, could you?'

Mr. Hog did not, or very probably would not, hear this discomposing question; for he went on insisting that there was nothing else to be done but for Mrs. Gillespie to comply with the laird's request, especially if he were as violent as Charlie represented.

'I vow and protest, sir,' exclaimed Mrs. Witham, 'it would be most painful to Mrs. Gillespie's feelings to put so kind and courteous a gentleman in prison.'

'I say, ma'am, needs must when the devil drives!' replied Mr. Hog, who could be very calm and philosophical where only the poor widow was concerned.

'I don't know what my cousin will do,' said Charlie, very ruefully. 'The laird

said that he was determined it should be settled to-day ;' and here the disappointed lad prepared to take his leave.

'I say, child, I'll walk with you to the Castle Hill,' said Mr. Hog, as if relenting from his purpose. 'I shall be back soon,' he added, addressing Mrs. Witham.

Very much delighted at this unexpected offer on Mr. Hog's part, Charlie set off with him for his cousin's residence ; but so soon as they had arrived at the house and commenced ascending the turnpike stair, a scene met their eyes which nearly caused Mr. Hog to beat a precipitate retreat.





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## CHAPTER II.

### ON THE WAY TO MARTYRDOM.

AT the outer door of the flat occupied by the widow Gillespie stood the laird, his face flushed, his eyes flashing, and his whole countenance inflamed with wrath; his passion, indeed, was so great that it would scarcely permit him to speak—it seemed almost to choke him. Behind him stood Mrs. Gillespie, pale, trembling, and in tears, and wringing her hands in distress. Mr. Hog, alarmed by the laird's excited appearance, was, as we have already said, meditating a hasty retreat; but the latter, suddenly darting down the few steps between him and his friend, pounced upon that unfortunate gentleman, linked his arm, not

very gently, in his own, and forced him upstairs, and into the sitting-room overlooking the Castle Hill. The scared widow and Charlie, who was quite as much frightened, followed in the rear.

Somewhat relieved at finding himself not entirely alone with the laird whilst under the influence of a somewhat violent access of his craze, Mr. Hog said, in a would-be soothing, but certainly quavering tone :

‘ I say, my dear Kincraigie, what is the matter ?’

‘ This auld jade—this hizzie !’ was the laird’s reply, shaking his clenched fist at the widow, who stood wiping her eyes with her apron, and could only sob out :

‘ The Lord forgie ye, sir, to ca’ a puir lone woman by siccan opprobrious names, and a’ because she winna put ye in prison.’

‘ Are you daft, woman ?’ inquired the laird ; a question so singular for a madman to put, that fear for his own personal safety alone restrained Mr. Hog from laughing. ‘ I opine,’ continued Kincraigie with great gravity, and with less violence of

manner, 'ane wad judge ye to be sae by your conduct. Who ever heard o' a sane person refusing to enforce payment o' siller that is owing to her? Ye sud consider your family, Mrs. Gillespie; ye hae nae right to forego your due.'

'I hae nae family,' replied the widow; 'and gin your honour does not find it convenient to pay me for awhile, I can bide weel eneuch without the siller.'

'Did ever anybody hear sich havers? The woman is daft! Wad you defeat the ends o' justice, woman?' exclaimed the laird, his voice rising in volume again. 'The law ordains that ilka man wha refuses to pay his debts shall be committed to gaol; and I winna pay ye a bawbee—no, not a bodle, ye hizzie, ye limmer that ye are! and when I tell ye that, does not that make the path o' duty plain to you?'

The widow shook her head, and still looking unconvinced, murmured plaintively:

'The Lord be guid to me! The Lord be guid to me! What sort of a woman

sud I be to send a gentleman like you to prison ?

‘ Why do you glower at me in that fashion ? What sort of a woman sud ye be, d’ye ask ? ’ exclaimed the laird, in a burst of fresh indignation. ‘ I’ll tell ye what sort of woman ye are—a lying, fause, deceitfu’ jade, wha prates o’ her respect and esteem for a man, and refuses to do his lawfu’ and reasonable bidding ; but gin ye be not sune in a mair complaisant frame o’ mind,’ he added, with a menacing gesture, ‘ I’ll find out a way o’ compelling ye to put me in prison, whilk you may not find verra agreeable ! ’

These last words were accompanied with a chuckle, which sounded very disagreeably in the ears of both Mr. Hog and the landlady ; and the former hastened to say, looking expressively at the widow as he spoke :

‘ I think with you, Kincraigie, that it is Mrs. Gillespie’s duty at once to get you incarcerated, and I will go this very evening to Mr. Colquhoun Grant and get him to take out the process in Mrs. Gillespie’s

name for your arrest. Mrs. Gillespie, do you consent ?

‘My dear friend,’ cried the laird in a transport of gratitude, wringing Hog’s hand as he spoke, without waiting for the reply of the widow, who nodded her consent, ‘I canna find words to thank ye for this proof of attachment. Once again within the walls o’ the Tolbooth, I shall feel that I have made the first step on the road whilk will end, I trust, in martyrdom. ’Tis, as I hae told you mony a time, the darling wish o’ my heart to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, as a partisan o’ the Royal House o’ Stuart, and a sworn and deadly foe o’ the Hanoverian Usurper. When that happy consummation of my wish tak’s place, ’twill not be Simon Frazer, my Lord Lovat, but James Robertson, the Laird o’ Kincraigie, wha will be ca’d the last o’ the martyrs.’

Never had a fairer morning dawned than that on which Kincraigie, as he fondly hoped, made one step towards the accomplishment of the great object of his am-

bition by re-entering the Tolbooth as a prisoner.

A grey mist yet enveloped the old city, and only a few faint streaks of rose-coloured light were visible in the east, when, already dressed, the laird seated himself at his open window, for the night had been very sultry, to wait, as patiently as he might, the wished-for hour, and to gloat over his coming happiness. He had not sat long when he heard a light footstep in the passage, and then a soft tap at his door ; and in answer to his brisk and cheery 'Come in,' Charlie Macdonald entered, looking pale and tearful.

The friendship, or rather affection, between the laird and the child had grown stronger day by day ; and Kincraigie's face lost something of its joyous expression as the boy, seated on his knee, and with his arms clinging about his neck, sobbingly told him how great his grief was at the thought of losing his new-found and most kind friend.

The laird tried in vain to soothe Charlie's

sorrow ; but in truth the task was no easy one, because he could not comfort the little boy by placing before him the hope with which prisoners usually strive to soften the anguish of their friends, namely, the expectation of a speedy release. The only release for Kincraigie would be, he trusted, by the hands of the executioner, and the suggestion of such a hope as this would hardly be likely to remove his little friend's affliction.

‘Charlie, this is not weel dune,’ he said, as soon as he could command his voice ; ‘gin I were not strong in my loyalty and devotion to our lawful King, ye might mak’ me waver.’

The boy, almost choking with suppressed sobs, looked wistfully up at the laird.

‘Dinna glower at me, laddie, wi’ that wistfu’ look in your e’en—it stirs my heart sair ; ’tis like an awakening o’ the past, whilk I wad rather let lie buried. I maun put aside a’ that might turn me frae my present purpose ; and not even for you, Charlie, can I relinquish it. Let us talk

o' ither things. 'Tis your half-holiday this afternoon : where will you be spending it ? Wi' Tony Witham, I'll warrant. He is a braw lad, and 'tis an unco happy thing, child, to hae a loving friend ; only that the sorrow is the greater when one comes to lose 'em. I had once a loving and dearly loved friend, but——'

The laird heaved a deep sigh, and seemed so sad that now it was Charlie's turn to administer comfort, which he was about to attempt, when the former abruptly said to the boy :

'Charlie, sing me that verse I like sae weel, o' the song, " O Gie my Love Brose," that I taught ye. Ye ken, laddie, your ain father died at Culloden.'

The boy gave a deep sigh, but immediately commenced singing, as he was asked, in a low sweet tone :

'For Charlie he drew the broadsword,  
For Charlie he left house and hadding ;  
For Charlie he fought on the sward,  
For Charlie he bled on Culloden.'

Melancholy as the stave was, it produced



an effect the reverse of melancholy on the laird, for he smiled, and immediately sang in a merry key :

‘Oh, Charlie, come and lead the way,  
No German whelp shall have the sway,  
Though ilka dog maun hae his day,  
The right belongs to Charlie.’

Gradually the two friends talked themselves into their wonted happy frame of mind, the boy being soothed also by the recollection of Mr. Hog’s parting words to Mrs. Gillespie on the previous night, ‘Don’t trouble yourself ; take my word for it, you will have Kincraigie back before many weeks are over.’

The hours wore on ; and as the grey morning mist melted away, the frowning batteries of the Castle stood forth in bold relief, whilst high up in the clear blue sky, on the watch for its prey, hovered the kestrel, which breeds yearly in the precipitous rocks on which the huge fortress stands. But lovelier far to gaze upon were the distant waters of the Firth of Forth ; the corn-fields tinged with the first golden

tints of the coming harvest, and the moorland purple with the bloom of heather, all bathed in the dazzling sunlight, which gave fresh beauties to an ever-beautiful landscape.

When the breakfast hour had arrived, the laird was so eager and impatient, that he could scarce be persuaded to take his usual dish of oatmeal porridge and milk ; and on the appearance of the officers sent to arrest him, he hastened out to meet them on the staircase.

‘Ye are mighty welcome !’ shouted the laird.

‘I ax your pardon, sir,’ said one of the men, who could scarcely command his countenance and refrain from laughing, for Mr. Colquhoun Grant had instructed them both, on the previous night, as to the nature of their office, ‘and I hope you will excuse us, but we maun do our duty. Your honour is our prisoner, and ye maun come wi’ us.’

‘Hae ye got your warrant? Is’t a’ right?’ asked the laird.

‘Luk, here it is, sir,’ replied the man, showing the writ. ‘It is a’ right, and signed by Mr. Colquhoun Grant, wha ye ken is a Writer to the Signet of His Majesty King George.’

‘King George!’ exclaimed the laird, in great excitement. ‘D—— King George! We hae nae King George; we have a German usurper. King James is our rightfu’ king.’

‘Your honour sud ken ye are speaking treason,’ observed the spokesman of the two officers, with a scarcely perceptible smile.

‘I ken that weel,’ replied the laird deliberately. ‘And I require baith you men,’ he continued, as he looked sternly first at one and then at the other, ‘to bear witness ’gain me, and report every word I have said to the Lord Advocate. As the public prosecutor, he is bound to bring me to trial.’

‘We’ll do our duty, sir, gin ye come wi’ us,’ said the two men.

‘And so I will,’ answered the laird, with

great alacrity. 'I vow this is one of the happiest days o' my life ; I seem to hae gotten already a foretaste o' the glorious end that awaits me. Lead on, and I'll follow you.'

'Will ye no hae a coach, sir ?' asked Mrs. Gillespie, who had followed the laird downstairs, looking, poor woman, the image of despair.

'Nae, nae, I'll gang on foot ; I hae no fause shame ; and I wad be weel content that the world sud ken Kincraigie's willingness to face imprisonment and death for his lawfu' Prince. Dinna greet for me,' he added, as he kindly pressed Mrs. Gillespie's hand ; 'I shall step with as joyfu' and cheerfu' a heart into the sledge that will drag me to the gibbet, as I shall, in a few minutes, enter the gate of the Tolbooth. Ye sud nae greet for me when ye ken I shall hae my dearest wish. Now fare ye weel for the present ; but I shall expect soon to see you and Charlie at the prison.'

So saying, and with a jocund and joyous air, Kincraigie hurried off, striding along at

such a rapid pace, that the two limbs of the proverbially slow-moving law found it hard to keep up with him.

Now the knowledge of Kincraigie's craze had begun, since his residence on Castle Hill, to be bruited about, and many persons living in the neighbourhood had become already familiar with his fine tall figure and handsome countenance, so that when he was seen hurrying along in his slippers, the skirts of his fine silk dressing-gown floating behind him in the breeze, for he had not waited to put on his walking attire, and his fair hair, which he had not tied up, falling dishevelled over his forehead, as he every now and then removed his bonnet to wave it gracefully to some passing acquaintance, and followed closely moreover by the two myrmidons of the law, a crowd began to collect. Idle lads from the High Street, and apprentices from the West Bow, then inhabited chiefly by dealers in iron, pitch, tar, oil, hemp, and other heavy goods, shouted and whistled shrilly through their fingers, and even

slily threw sundry pieces of mud at the obnoxious emissaries of justice ; caddies or errand lads jeered them, whilst decent men asked almost threateningly : ‘ Wad ye tak’ the puir daft laird to prison ?’

Nor were the gentler sex altogether indifferent to the scene that was being enacted. Pretty servant maids, clad in their red cloaks or plaids, and barefoot, except on Sundays, exclaimed, as they looked at the laird, with an air of compassion, ‘ Hech, sirs, are they ill-faur’d men gaun to dae ony skaith to the bonny gentleman ?’ The old salt-women from Preston Pans, who daily went the round of the town, with their large wicker salt-baskets on their backs, ceased their cry of ‘ Wha’ll buy my lucky forpit o’ saut !’ and stared with wide-open mouths at the handsome captive and his captors ; whilst the stout, clean, and blooming Newhaven and Fisher Row fishwives, laden with heavy creels or fish-baskets on their backs, the pictures of robust and vigorous health, and singularly conspicuous in their snow-white


linen caps surmounted by bright-coloured kerchiefs tied under their chins, their large blue pea-jackets, and a superabundance of woollen petticoats gaily striped black or blue and yellow, also ceased their cries of 'Caller haddies—caller herrin!' which echoed through the wide streets with a fullness of sound by no means disagreeable to the ear—not, however, to remain silent spectators like the old salt-wives, but to call 'Shame!' at the luckless officers of the law as they followed close upon the heels of the 'bonny, braw young gentleman,' in whom the populace refused to acknowledge a would-be voluntary prisoner.

Passing along the thronged and broad Lawn Market, and followed by a motley gathering, the laird rapidly neared the place of his destination. In the High Street he met Mrs. Witham, whose face expressed her dismay at encountering him under such circumstances; but he, uncovering his head, and gracefully describing a circle with his bonnet, and bowing down almost to his knees, exclaimed:

‘Madam, congratulate me ; you see me on the way to glory.’

Arrived in front of the Tolbooth, the laird surveyed with rapture the grim, dismal-looking, five-storied pile of tower and turret ; and then, turning abruptly round, prepared to address the crowd, from amongst whom, however, sundry old acquaintances pressed forward to greet him, Kincraigie, in the fulness of his heart, embracing them one by one, to the great edification of all the spectators.

There was the crazy bedesman, Monro, or the ‘Colonel,’ as he was styled, in his blue gown, and wearing, as usual, the white cockade in his bonnet, to show his devotion to Prince Charles and his hatred to the Hanoverian dynasty, in whose alms, nevertheless, the beggar’s Jacobitical principles never prevented him participating as a king’s bedesman ; and next to him came Jamie Duff, again fresh from a funeral, with black crape, white cravat, and weepers. Captain Robbie Pillans, too, our former acquaintance, stepped forth





from a door in the lower part of the Tolbooth, which was used as a guard-room for the town guard ; and there also made his appearance that other worthy member of the city guard the fierce-looking, redoubtable John Dhu, who had been apprised by his cousin, Mrs. Gillespie, the evening before, of the laird's impending return to the Tolbooth, as a prisoner for debt at her unwilling suit. And Adam Ritchie stood there, too, a venerable and corpulent cow-feeder from the West Port, a warm advocate and admirer of the House of Stuart, but who, alas ! had fought on the side of the House of Hanover in 1715—not from choice, as he said, but from necessity, he having been forced into the ranks of King George's army, to supply the place of his master's son, and who, at the mature age of eighty, courted a girl of eighteen and sought her in marriage, but alas ! alas ! was rejected by the fair one's mother ; and along with Adam, there were several others of the laird's old acquaintances, who anticipated with joy a fresh series of splendid

entertainments within the walls of the 'auld Tolbooth.'

'My gude freens,' said Kincraigie in stentorian tones, waving his bonnet as he bowed to the crowd, 'I maun say a few words to ye noo, though I hope to address ye on a mair solemn occasion on the Castle Hill, before I mak' an honourable end, by deeing for my lawfu' King, whilk is King James——'

Here cheers and laughter and clapping of hands interrupted the laird for a moment. After silence was restored he went on :

'I wad hae ye a' bear testimony that I disclaim a' allegiance to the German Usurper wha noo sits on the throne o' Great Britain.'

Again loud cheers and clapping of hands were heard, which proceeded not only from the Tory Jacobites, but from Whig Georgites, who were all equally amused ; whilst a voice in the crowd was heard to sing out :

‘And he’s clappit down in our gudeman’s chair,  
The wee, wee German lairdie.’

‘I wad,’ continued the laird, ‘that the deil had the Elector o’ Hanover before e’er he set foot on British soil.’

The same voice from the crowd again sang, amidst renewed laughter and merriment :

‘A German whelp now rules us a’,  
And though we’re forced against our law,  
The right belongs to Charlie.’

The laird waved his bonnet vigorously, and bowed repeatedly, in approval of this stave. Then he proceeded to say :

‘Yes, my freens, the deil will hae the Elector, sooner or later—that is a great consolation, and my devout prayer ; and I hope, my freens, ye will a’ bear witness to the treason I have spoken.’

‘We will—we will !’ cried out a hundred voices, amidst much laughter.

‘When the German Usurper hears o’ my execution,’ continued Kincraigie with great emphasis, ‘he will flatter himsel’ that he has got rid of an enemy that can nae mair

disturb his peace and tak' up arms against him ; but——'

Here the laird was interrupted by peals of laughter, occasioned by daft Jamie Duff, in his crape and weepers, singing in a loud, but most lugubrious tone—

' We'll break your sceptre owre your mou',  
Ye feckless German lairdie——'

' But I tell ye a', my freens,' continued the laird, as soon as silence was restored, ' that the usurper will be vastly mista'en, for in death I shall speak to ye far more eloquently than I can dae in life.'

' The Lord be gude to us ! Dinna scare us i' that fashion, laird,' exclaimed several voices, in assumed alarm.

' Yes, my freens,' continued the laird, in a very solemn tone ; ' for when ye see, day by day, the quartered body o' Kincraigie ower your city gates, and his heed stuck on that iron spike there'—and here the laird pointed to the great door of the Tolbooth—' that was ance honoured by

bearing the heed of the gallant Montrose, ye will feel inspired, in your turn, to rise in favour o' your exiled Prince, and the speerit of loyalty will spread far and wide ower auld Scotland. May the Lord grant it,' exclaimed the laird fervently, as he took off his bonnet and prepared to enter the prison; 'and may a' the people unite as one man to drive the Elector back to his ain beloved Hanover, whither he is for ever going, and bring back our yellow-haired laddie, our ain bonny, braw Prince Charlie. And noo, I hope ye'll a' bear witness to the treason I hae spoken again' the man wha calls himself our King.'

Loud cheers both from Jacobites and Georgites greeted the conclusion of the laird's speech, who, followed by John Dhu and a few of the town guard, conspicuous in their high sugarloaf-shaped hats, and uniforms in the fashion of the English Grenadiers, halted for a moment at the door, to listen to the sonorous voice of the blue-gown 'Colonel,' as he sang a Jacobite song, in the chorus of which all

present sympathetically joined, most energetically and merrily :

‘ Bonnie Charlie’s now awa’,  
Safely owre the friendly main,  
Many a heart will break in twa  
Sud he ne’er come back again.

CHORUS.

‘ Will ye no come back again ?  
Will ye no come back again ?  
Better lo’ed ye canna be,  
Will ye no come back again ?’



## CHAPTER III.

### THE EVE OF THE TRIAL.

A BLEAK north-east wind—a wind so prevalent in Auld Reekie in spring-time—sweeping along the streets, and whistling down the steep narrow closes and wynds of the city on a true March afternoon, made comfort within doors all the more enjoyable ; and so seemed to think a large and festive party, gathered together in a spacious chamber in the old Tolbooth, as they drew the benches nearer the huge fire and brewed fresh bowls of whisky toddy, and drained large bumpers of claret. What cared they for the fierce gale that moaned so dismally at one time, and whistled so shrilly at another, between the

lofty houses in the High Street and Castle Hill, or roared so like thunder as it reverberated from Arthur's Seat to Salisbury Crags, and from the Crags to the Calton Hill and back again to Arthur's Seat? The old Tolbooth was no slightly built modern edifice, and its grim walls had defied far more furious tempests than this now raging, which drove the storm-clouds in such wild confusion across the sky, where patches of vivid blue alternated with masses of leaden grey, and which lashed the waters of the Firth of Forth to a white foam, and cast showers of sand in the faces of the wayfarers exposed to its fury.

Louder and louder rose the mirth and the voices of the occupants of this large chamber in the Tolbooth ; peals of laughter, snatches of song, and uproarious toasts, some political and not very loyal to the powers that were, mingled together and formed a mighty Babel of sound. At the head of the table, which had been drawn near the fire, sat the Laird of Kincairgie,



his face beaming with pleasure and the highest satisfaction, and his eyes expressing the inward joy of his soul.

And what, may be asked, was the cause of the jubilant frame of mind in which James Robertson, the Laird of Kincraigie, found himself? Why had he gathered all his friends about him, and caused them to drain full bumpers to his success? Because the darling wish of his heart was at length to be gratified, the result he had so long and so energetically striven to obtain would soon be accomplished. He had at last succeeded in provoking the hostility of Government, and bringing down upon his head the vengeance of the law. He was now made happy by seeing himself, after long and heart-sickening delays, fairly on the road to suffer martyrdom for the cause of his beloved and rightful sovereign. Yes, on the morrow of this day of rejoicing and festivity, after long and tedious months of vain expectancy, of daily pleading and importuning, often seasoned with treasonable exclamations, James Robert-

son, the Laird of Kincraigie, was to take his trial for high treason in the High Court of Justiciary, before a full Bench, composed of the Lord Justice Clerk and five Lords Commissioners, upon the prosecution, on behalf of King George, of the Lord Advocate, conducting the case in person, and by his deputies, the Solicitor-General and the Agent for the Crown.

He was in full expectation, not of a joyous acquittal, but of that grim sentence which would tell him that on such a day, he should be drawn on a sledge to the place of execution, there to be hanged, but not till he be dead, his bowels to be taken out and cast into the fire before his face, his body to be quartered, his head cut off, and to be at the King's disposal.

Gruesome talk it was, spite of the laughter which went round with every bumper of claret and every glass of toddy; for the laird was supremely happy, and found a subject for deep and intense enjoyment in the professional talk and discussions of the young *ci-devant* surgeon of

dragoons, the merry Dr. Francis Home, and Sandy the youthful son, and eventually successor to the professor's chair of anatomy in the University of Edinburgh, then occupied by his father, the celebrated Dr. Monro, *primus*, the founder of that medical school for which the University was in after-years so famed. These two young gentlemen sat on either side of the laird, and their discussion, in which he was so pleasurably interested, was no other than the scientific dissection of his body after execution, a task which he, Kincaigie, intended to depute to them, with the permission of the Lord Justice Clerk.

Dr. Home had himself waggishly suggested to the laird this mode of proceeding, hinting that he thought it would be derogatory to his dignity, as the Laird of Kincaigie, to have his body chopped up and mangled by the common hangman, and assured him that his friends, the Lord Provost and Bailie Lauriston, would have interest sufficient with the Lord Justice

Clerk to obtain permission for this change in the ordinary method of procedure on these dreadful occasions.

It must, indeed, have been a melancholy sight to see a fine, handsome, intelligent-looking, and elegantly dressed young man like Kincraigie listening with profound attention to such nonsensical talk, who on all other occasions, except where his crazy wish to be hanged, drawn, and quartered for him whom he deemed to be his lawful King was concerned, was sane and sagacious, and fit and capable to enter into all the enjoyments of life and of polite and genteel society.

Thus it was that on the eve of the trial Kincraigie had summoned all his friends to assemble, and accordingly they had mustered in force. He had given them a rare and abundant entertainment, and very merry indeed they all were—behaviour on their part which may seem to the reader to have been in very bad taste ; but we must observe that, with only very few exceptions, Jamie Duff amongst them, all

were in possession of a little secret, which gave them nerve to hear and listen to this medical and anatomical discourse and the details of their friend's impending execution with equanimity, and even with pleasure equalled only by his own. Jamie Duff, however, in the full conviction of his friend's impending fate, had already schooled his features into a look of down-cast woe, had got his hat newly tintured with the dye of sorrow, and had provided his black crape, his white cravat, and white paper weepers; still, his face expressed perplexity as well as mourning, for Sandy Monro, full of fun, like most medical students of his day, as well as of ours, had disturbed him sorely by the expression of a grave doubt as to the likelihood of any funeral procession being allowed when the severed head and divided quarters of Kincraigie should be carried to the different resting-places destined for the dismembered bodies of traitors.

The reader may now, perhaps, marvel

to find the laird still in prison, after the lapse of six months ; the truth is, that it was a very easy matter to get him into prison, but it was by no means so easy to get him out again. He had succeeded, after much anxiety of mind and with much trouble, in again obtaining an entrance within the walls of a gaol ; this, he thought, was, at any rate, something gained, and might ultimately lead to the result he was so desirous of obtaining.

All that was now wanting to make him supremely happy was that he should be brought to trial. To gain this ardently wished-for object, he shouted treason in the ears of every turnkey who came near him, and insisted on pledging the Governor of the Tolbooth in healths to James III. and Prince Charles, in the fond expectation that some one would report him to those in power, and thus help him towards the enjoyment of all the pains and penalties of high treason.

But when the desired result did not seem to come, and his cries of ‘ No King

George ! ' No Hanover ! ' ' Confusion to all Germans ! ' ' Confound the Union ! ' ' A plague on all excisemen ! ' did not procure the desired result, ' Ah ! ' he would say to himself, ' I will wait until the Session of the Courts begins, and they will certainly bring me to trial then. Colquhoun Grant said that nothing could be done till November.'

But that dismal month arrived at last, and was followed by other months equally gloomy ; still the unhappy laird was left to languish undisturbed in prison, although he had zealously redoubled his treasonable exclamations, and drank numerous bumpers to the future success of Prince Charles, and had even gone so far as to write letters renouncing all allegiance to the Elector of Hanover, whom he denounced as a usurper, to the Lord Advocate, the Solicitor-General, and the Dean, and the leading Whig members of the Faculty of Advocates, not forgetting Robert M'Queen, whom he stigmatized as a traitor to the man whom he acknowledged as his sove-

reign, for neglecting to do his duty as Crown counsel, and bring to trial an avowed enemy of the House of Hanover.

The laird's patience was sorely tried as month after month passed away and the Sessions were nearly coming to an end, and still no kind individual seemed disposed to take any step towards having him hung, drawn, and quartered. His anxiety and irritation became so great, and his disappointment became so apparent, that his friends at length thought that they might succeed in convincing him of the hopelessness of his obtaining his desire, and so persuading him to quit the Tolbooth; but all was in vain—no entreaties could prevail upon him. They urged that the debt for which he had been incarcerated had been paid to Mrs. Gillespie, and that she had written out for him a legal acquittance. This only exasperated him the more.

'She was a vile hizzie,' he said, 'to dare to tak' payment o' his debt from anybody but himsel'; and wha was the man,' he asked, 'wha had been so bold as to pay his



debts? No, no,' he exclaimed; 'in prison I am, and in prison I will bide, until I am taken out to be tried before the High Court of Justiciary, where, ye ken, I maun be condemned, for I will tell them I am a sworn enemy of the Elector of Hanover. And I'll mak' no defence, as Colquhoun Grant wants me to do; but I'll cry out in Court, afore a' the judges, "God save King James, and confound the Elector, wha has usurped his throne, and d—— the butcher Duke!"'

Exuberant, then, became the laird's delight when informed, on the morning previous to this farewell banquet, that his endeavours to procure for himself the enjoyment of the pains and penalties of high treason were likely to prove successful at last, and that before the breaking of the winter session he was to be brought to stand his trial before the Lord Justice Clerk and five Lords Commissioners in the High Court of Justiciary.

What glories now awaited him! He was now sure to be hanged, drawn, and

quartered, and by the shedding of his blood would testify his loyalty to his rightful sovereign, as other brave and gallant noblemen and gentlemen had already done, and therefore he had invited all his friends to partake of a farewell banquet with him, not in sadness, but in exultant joy over his near approach to the crown of martyrdom.

Sitting now at the head of his table, between his two supporters, Dr. Francis Home and young Sandy Monro, and doing all the honours of a host towards his guests with assiduity and urbanity, his attention was, nevertheless, partially divided between the sage remarks of his two supporters and those passing betwixt Dr. Glen and Mr. Hog, who sat a little below him.

‘The moderns, sir,’ said the doctor, jestingly assuming a pompous delivery, ‘infinitely surpass Hippocrates, Celsus, and Galen. There are no limits, sir, to the powers of medicine nowadays. What with our nostrums and specifics and elixirs, we ensure not only perfect health, but, as

a necessary consequence, even immortality.'

'I say, sir,' replied Mr. Hog, with a sneer, 'how do you account for the bills of mortality, then ? and why do people choose to die of distempers, for which there are so many specific and infallible cures ?'

'Weel said, Mr. Hog,' exclaimed the laird, with a chuckle ; 'ye hae him on the hip.'

'Not at all,' said Dr. Glen, with a smile. 'You should expostulate with the dead man or woman, and censure him or her. He or she had no right to die, when, at a small expense, such infallible remedies might be had as Baron Schwanberg's liquid shells, Dr. James's powder, or Mr. Ward's pills, which will cure the most inflammatory fevers.'

'This sort of talk maun be verra weel for the faculty,' remarked Captain Pillans, elevating his shoulders and gazing tenderly at the glass of toddy he held in his hand ; 'but it's nae so entertaining for other folk. I'm deafened i' one ear wi' a torrent of

words anent specifics, nostrums, and infallible cures o' a' kinds ; and i' the other, wi' a jargon frae Dr. Home and Mr. Monro that might puzzle auld Clottie\* himsel' to understand. Aweel, to my mind, a glass o' whisky toddy is worth a' your elixirs and nostrums.'

The speaker here drained his glass amidst the laughter of the company, whilst Dr. Glen pursued his theme.

'Let me give you another instance of our superiority over the ancients,' he said, addressing Mr. Hog again. 'Now, there is that dire disease, the king's evil, which even the wisest of kings, Solomon, the son of David, knew not how to cure, whilst our Solomon, James I. (who, by-the-bye, claims a David for a progenitor), cured it with a touch of his hand ; so you see those who are thus afflicted, be the evil ever so inveterate, have only to travel to London and beg a touch from the King.'

'I vow it would be a fule's errand, now-

\* The devil.

adays, whasoe'er sud gang on't,' remarked the laird, very emphatically.

'Would you impugn an attribute of the royal fingers, so universally acknowledged, sir?' exclaimed Dr. Glen. 'You must be aware, Kincraigie, that our kings have touched for the evil for centuries.'

'I ken that weel, sir; and far be it frae me to deny it; but,' replied the laird very slily, and looking round upon the company, 'ye a' ken that it maun be the touch o' a lawfu' king; that is an essential qualification; a usurper's touch winna dae.'

As soon as the laugh which the laird's sharp retort on Dr. Glen had elicited had subsided, Sandy Monro said, in grave tones:

'I consider that it is very presumptuous in Dr. Glen to cast such aspersions on the medical knowledge of the ancients; but now, regarding the matter my friend Dr. Home and I have under discussion—I allude to the dismembering of our dear friend Kincraigie's body—now who is there,' he added, addressing himself to Dr.

Home, 'more qualified than you, sir, to perform that important office scientifically? You, sir, who are so skilled in the works of Hippocrates, that prince of medical men, and have all the learning of Celsus and Galen at your fingers'-end—you, sir, I say again, who have travelled and imbibed medical knowledge from those wonders of modern Italy Bellini and Borelli.'

'With you, sir, for my coadjutor,' replied Dr. Home, in an equally grave tone; 'you who boast of, as your sire, that distinguished man who now sits in the Chair of Anatomy in our University.'

'I maun tak' leave to say, Dr. Home and Mr. Monro, that I opine that we have had eneuch o' Hippocrates and Galen and sichlike,' said the laird, rather peevishly; 'and I will thank ye noo to tell me hoo ye intend to proceed after the executioner has delivered my body up to ye.'

'My dear Kincraigie,' replied Dr. Home, 'I assure you I am as ready to comply with your request as I was, in company with my young friend Mr. Monro, to

accept the honourable but mournful office you have assigned to us. Permit me to observe, then, that so soon as the operation of hanging is over, we will proceed at once to do our office. We shall take off your head with our own hands; the hangman shall not interfere.'

'We must be careful to cut,' said Monro, with commendable gravity, 'scientifically and nicely, through the *sterno-cleido-mastoideus* muscle.'

'Hech, sirs, what daft keckle is this?' muttered Captain Pillans to his brother-in-arms, Captain Pitcairn, the worthy cloth merchant, who sat next him. 'What for maun the doctors ca' things by sic foreign ootlandish names?'

'Hoot, man, it's a trick o' their craft,' replied Captain Pitcairn, with a grin. 'Ye ken folk hae always mair respect for what they dinna understand. I hae found that oot in the cloth business, and dootless ye maun hae found it oot in the brewing line.'

'Yes, and then we must divide the *platysma myoides*,' chimed in Dr. Home;

‘and then we shall soon have the head off.’

‘Whilk maun immediately be taken awa’ and set up ower the gate o’ the Tol-booth,’ said the laird emphatically.

‘But I maun tak’ my place at the heed o’ the funeral procession,’ interposed Jamie Duff, in a very lugubrious tone, dropping, as he spoke, a few tears into his toddy.

‘Nae, nae, Jamie; dinna be in sic a hurry, man; ye maun bide a wee for the quarters,’ exclaimed the laird hastily. ‘But go on, Dr. Home; go on. Ye said ye had just gotten my heed off.’

‘Well, then, my dear sir, we shall proceed to make a spread-eagle of the body,’ continued Home, with a twinkling eye, which ill accorded with the solemnity of the subject; ‘in other words, quarter it, so that the executioner may do his office with the *viscera*—that is, the inside—and cast them into the fire.’

‘We must carefully divide the *pectoralis major*,’ observed Sandy Monro.

‘Ye are at faut in ane respect,’ inter-



rupted the laird. 'Now gin ye tak' my head off first; how can I see my heart and viscera, as ye ca' 'em, burnt afore my een, as the law prescribes?'

'You see, Kincraigie, yours is an exceptional case altogether,' replied Dr. Home, speaking in a very impressive manner. 'We cannot proceed exactly as is done generally in cases of execution for high treason.'

'But 'twill not be legal, sir,' insisted the laird, in a determined and stubborn tone, 'gin I dinna see the burning o' my heart and bowels wi' my ain een.'

'Do you think, Dr. Home, we might strain a point in the science of anatomy, to oblige Kincraigie?' asked Sandy Monro, in an inquiring tone. 'Perhaps we might take the head off last?'

'It would be against all surgical precedent,' was the reply.

'Deil take your precedents!' exclaimed the laird stoutly. 'I maintain that the sentence maun be carried oot as the law prescribes.'

‘Well, well, my dear sir, then it shall be as you wish,’ replied Dr. Home; ‘and now I have only a very little more to tell you respecting the operation of quartering. As soon as we have divided the *pectoralis major*, we shall cut down into the muscle, called the *transversus abdominis*, and then we can finish off all the quartering *secundum artem*.’

‘I wonder how many of all these crack-jaw words Kincraigie understands?’ remarked Mr. Hog, with a sarcastic smile.

‘They only want to air their knowledge,’ replied Dr. Glen, jerking his finger in the direction of the two youthful sons of Æsculapius.

‘And after this,’ resumed Dr. Home, in a solemn and impressive tone, ‘when the last act of the tragedy shall have been performed, and our beloved friend’—here the speaker looked mournfully at the laird—‘shall have sealed his loyalty by a bloody death, then the executioner will proceed to fix his quarters on the gates of

the city, according to the pleasure of King George.'

'The usurper, ye sud say, sir,' exclaimed Kincraigie, who had been listening to the details of his execution with infinite relish, so strong was the power his strange hallucination had obtained over him. 'The Hanoverian usurper,' he repeated, 'to whose confusion, as likewise to that o' a' the German beggars and traitor Whigs, I drink.'

'Joseph,' exclaimed Sandy Monro, addressing a delicate-looking young gentleman with a long oval face and a high-bridged nose, but possessing a pleasing expression of countenance, 'what are you meditating upon?' and he looked curiously as he spoke at his friend and fellow-student in the Edinburgh University, who had been silently listening, with an amused smile on his face, to the conversation carried on by Monro and Dr. Home.

'I have no doubt on my mind,' remarked Dr. Glen, smiling as he glanced from one to the other of his three youthful con-

frères, 'that Mr. Joseph Black is thinking of the acids that will be produced in our stomachs by drinking so much good wine.'

'The Lord be guid unto us !' exclaimed Captain Pillans, with a sigh, 'as if we had not had eneuch medical talk frae three o' 'em ; are they now going to lug in a fourth ?'

As though to verify the truth of the Captain's forebodings, Dr. Home exclaimed in a cheery voice :

'It is my very decided opinion that our friend Black is indulging in hopes to discover some new sort of lime-water to cure the stone.'

'Gentlemen, I maun just tak' leave to protest 'gain a' this doctor's havers\* and clackin' !' exclaimed the indignant and aggrieved Captain Pillans. ''Twas bad eneuch to gie us a' sican hard Latin words and anatomy talk, no fit for Christians to hear, and spoil our conviviality and a' the guid whisky toddy ; but gin ye are going to gie us a lecture as weel on the ailments

\* Havers and clackin'—jargon and talk.

and diseases whilk afflict puir human nature, I'll jist tak' my leave, wi' no mair ceremony ava.'

The woful tone in which this complaint was uttered, and the distressed countenance of the *ci-devant* Potter Row brewer, known as he was to be a devout worshipper of the god Bacchus, produced a peal of loud laughter from all present. He, however, heedless of the laugh at his expense, prudently determining not to leave an empty glass, drained it off to the very bottom, grumbling all the while that his toddy had quite lost its flavour 'wi' sic fearsome talk that was eneuch to gar him feel amaist seik.'

Thus complaining, the much-aggrieved Captain of the Town Guard pushed his chair from the table, as if he were minded to leave the room; but the fumes of whisky toddy proved to be too strong an inducement, so he remained where he was, and he again drew his chair up to the table with all the air of a deeply injured man. When the merriment caused by this little

episode had ceased, Dr. Glen, nodding his head as he spoke towards Mr. Black, addressed Dr. Home.

‘I hope our friend Black will be as fortunate as Mrs. Stephens was, and find a wealthy and liberal patron when he has made his discovery of a new sort of lime-water. You know that both Sir Robert Walpole and his brother Horace were troubled with that fearful complaint, which I will not again name, as the very mention of it has nearly scared our gallant friend Captain Pillans out of the room, and as they imagined they had received benefit from some sort of medicine found out by that lady, she received £5,000 through their interest for revealing her secret.’

‘Well, I wish my friend Joseph may be as lucky as the fortunate Mrs. Stephens. But to turn to quite another subject,’ said Sandy Monro, with an affectation of gravity, ‘I have been thinking, Black, of a way in which you may assist us very greatly in carrying out the wishes of our dear friend Kincairgie.’

‘I shall be most happy,’ replied the young student, bowing politely, whilst the laird looked inquiringly at Sandy Monro.

‘I know that Kincraigie would be vastly well pleased,’ continued Monro, ‘if, when his mortal remains are distributed as the law ordains, instead of blackening and festering in corruption, they could be preserved from decay, in order——’

‘At it again!’ cried Captain Pillans, in a tone of despair; ‘and he ca’s this turning to anither subject. Body o’ me, gin ane may judge frae its commencement it’s likely to be far mair unsavoury than the last.’

‘Dinna interrupt Mr. Monro, my guid friend,’ exclaimed the laird in a tone of reproach, for he felt deeply interested in the suggestion thrown out by the young medical student with regard to the preservation of his remains from decay.

‘In order, as I was observing,’ resumed Sandy Monro, ‘that future generations may admire his loyalty in laying down his life for his rightful sovereign.’

‘Verra weel expressed,’ observed the laird, nodding approval.

‘Now, Black, we all know that you are a very clever chiel at chemistry, as you cannot but be, since you assist Professor Cullen in his experiments; in truth, I expect to see you in a professor’s chair yourself some day; and besides, you have the advantage as well of living with that eminent Professor of Natural Philosophy your cousin, Mr. Russell; so it has occurred to me, Joseph, that you may be able to think of some chemical preparation that will preserve Kincraigie’s remains for four or five generations to come at the very least.’

‘Do, my dear young friend—do, I beseech you!’ exclaimed the laird fervently.

‘And to stimulate his brain and enable him to make some important chemical discovery,’ said Dr. Home, ‘I propose, with your permission, Kincraigie, that we pledge him in bumpers.’

‘In bumpers, by all means,’ echoed



Captain Pillans, to whom this proposal at least was satisfactory.

The laird bowed his assent.

‘Bordeaux let it be,’ exclaimed Hog ; ‘ ’twill remind Black of his birthplace, beautiful Bordeaux, on the banks of the Garonne,’ he added, addressing the laird, ‘ where his father has long been an eminent merchant whose traffic is the generous juice of the grape. What do you think of this Bordeaux, Joseph ? I’ll warrant you never tasted better in France.’

‘ You do not praise it too highly,’ replied young Black ; ‘ indeed, ’tis so potent that we can already see its effects on some of our friends,’ he added with a smile, as he glanced at the company, most of whom were affected in various ways by their repeated bumpers. One was smiling an imbecile smile as he stared at his glass, another shedding tears, and a third trying to hiccup a stave of a Jacobite song.

‘ But anent this question o’ the preservation of my body,’ exclaimed the laird,

looking anxiously at Mr. Black, 'can ye think o' anything?'

'It is a very nice and difficult question you wish me to consider,' replied Black in his usual unaffected and affable manner, and bowing to his host as he spoke, 'and I should prefer reflecting upon it in the quiet of my own study, where, moreover, I can consult with my cousin, the Professor of Natural Philosophy.'

'Verra weel, sir,' said the laird, in a tone which betrayed some little disappointment, 'but I maun beg o' ye to lose nae time.'

'Joseph,' exclaimed Monro, who saw that he had made a little mistake in the suggestion he had thrown out, as the laird's curiosity could not be at once gratified, 'if you cannot tell us at present of anything that will act as a preservative from decay of our friend's mortal remains, you can give us satisfaction in another way. We all know what a fine musical ear you have, and a voice that can obey it in the most perfect manner. If you would like to hear

him, Kincraigie,' he added, turning to the laird, 'he will favour us with a song, at your request, I know.'

'Naething wad gie me greater pleasure than to hear you sing, sir,' said the laird, addressing Mr. Black; 'and gin the song hae a loyal flavour in it, 'twill be a' the mair pleasing.'

'Tis a pity Mr. Black hasn't his flute with him,' said Mr. Hog, 'and of course he has not, so we must be content with the song without the music; but I have heard him play on the flute,' he added, addressing himself to the laird, 'and I assure you, sir, he plays with greater taste and feeling than many professional performers.'

'Silence, gentlemen,' cried out the laird, rapping the table with his knuckles, as Mr. Black, after a slight preliminary cough, began to sing in a very melodious tone :

'Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley,  
Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley !  
Wha in brulyie will first say a parley !  
Never the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley !

Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley,  
Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley !  
Wha in his wae days were loyal to Charlie?  
Wha but the lads wi' the bannocks o' barley ?  
Bannocks o' bear meal, bannocks o' barley,  
Here's to the Highlandman's bannocks o' barley.'



## CHAPTER IV.

### A SLIPPERY TRICK.

THE morning of the day on which the Laird of Kincraigie fondly hoped to be carried before the High Court of Justiciary, and to hear himself condemned to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, dawned to the full as bleak and stormy as its predecessor, added to which the wind now drove showers of blinding and half-frozen sleet in the faces of those who were necessitated to brave the inclemencies of the weather.

With a countenance radiant with joy, the laird sat in his prison chamber, which had been made comfortable enough, though it was a prison chamber.

He had dressed himself with peculiar

care, like a bridegroom on the morning of his nuptials. His flowing hair was tied up behind in a ribbon, and his handsome person, showing to the best advantage, was arrayed in a fine blue cloth frock, edged with silver lace, black velvet breeches, and a waistcoat made of the Robertson tartan.

He was earnestly counting over a number of sheets of paper containing, not his defence, for he intended making none, but a lengthy vindication of his principles, and a fierce denunciation of the Hanoverian dynasty and disclaimer of his allegiance to the Elector.

In the midst of this occupation he was disturbed by the sudden opening of the door, and on looking up, he saw advancing towards him two soldiers of the town guard.

The elder of them, a short and somewhat corpulent little man, appeared, from the nervous twitching of the muscles of his face, to be afflicted with St. Vitus's dance; and though he cleared his throat with a prelimi-

nary ahem, he seemed unable, from some cause, to speak, whereupon his companion, a florid, sandy-haired young fellow, took upon himself the office of spokesman, and said in a stern and lugubrious tone of voice :

‘ James Robertson, ca’d o’ Kincraigie, we hae come here in the King’s name to escort ye to the High Court of Justiciary where the judges are assembled, waiting for you, to try you for high treason ; and God save King George !’

‘ Happy day !’ exclaimed the laird, overjoyed with this delightful announcement. ‘ Lead the way, my good fellows,’ he continued, as he threw his plaid over his shoulders ; ‘ come, be smart ! I follow you. Now shall I raise up my voice and proclaim before the judges of the German Usurper, the so-called King George, my devotion and loyalty to King James ; God save King James the Third !’

The laird was so wrapped in his own blissful reflections as he followed the soldiers, that he scarce noticed the curious glances cast upon him, or the number of

people who seemed that morning drawn to that part of the Tolbooth in which the poor debtors were confined. Every door was open, and inquisitive eyes peered out from dark corners, and heads bobbed up and down over the balustrade of the staircase above that which he was descending.

But at length the outer door was reached, the ponderous bolts were withdrawn, and the exulting laird stepped briskly forth, intent on reaching the Court with as little delay as possible. He had scarce passed through the door, however, when it closed behind him with a heavy bang and crash. He heard the ponderous bolts pushed forward, and he saw the soldiers deliberately march off at a quick pace, in quite an opposite direction to that where the Courts lay, and make their way up the Lawn Market to the weigh-house, which stood at the head of the West Bow. Thus was the astonished and mortified candidate for a traitor's gibbet and execution left in the street, to reflect at leisure on the slippery trick which had just been played him.



Here we may diverge for a moment to explain how it came to pass that the laird was thus summarily ejected from the Tolbooth.

As we have seen, the authorities of the gaol had found that all efforts to induce the laird to quit it were in vain ; they were utterly at a loss what to do, when one of the turnkeys, more sharp-witted than others, hit upon an expedient. Taking his idea from the laird's own observation that he would never leave his prison until he was brought to take his trial before the Court of Justiciary, the clever turnkey suggested the farce we have just narrated, and which we have seen so successfully performed. So, at last, the Tolbooth was freed from the presence of the most willing captive that had ever entered its sombre walls.

For a few moments, Kincraigie stood irresolute, as though he scarcely knew what to do, listening, almost unconsciously, to the melody of St. Giles's bells, which, having announced the hour of mid-day, were now

playing a favourite Scotch air; an air which stirred memories of long ago in the heart of the laird, memories of the beloved friend for whom he had mourned so deeply. That dear friend had had a fancy for playing upon bells; but in Scotland the bells were not rung out as in England, but were played upon by the hand with keys, as upon an organ, the fists of the performer being protected with strong leather, so that he may strike with more force. Many a time and oft, at the hour of eleven in the morning, had Kincaigie climbed up into the belfry tower of the old church at Inverness, when visiting his friend, and heard him play 'Allan Water,' this self-same sweet melody that was now stirring his soul as he stood near old St. Giles's Church, in the High Street of Auld Reekie.

But the cold wind, as it whistled shrilly about his ears, and the frozen particles of snow dashing in his face, recalled him to his present position, and also to a transport of anger, when he thought of the trick he

had been played. He knocked, and kicked, and beat against the strong iron-bound door till his fists and heels were sore, and he shouted abuse of the gaol officials till he was hoarse ; but all in vain, for the entrance to the Tolbooth remained closed against him. Some few of the passers-by halted and gazed, wondering at him ; but it was not a fit morning for loitering, and those whose curiosity induced them to halt a moment soon went briskly on their way, stamping the ground and swinging their arms, in the hope of restoring circulation quickly to their half-frozen blood. Irresolute and uncertain how to act, and already benumbed with cold, the laird thought no voice had ever sounded half so pleasant in his ears as that of Roger Hog, of Newliston, who suddenly appeared before him along with Colquhoun Grant, and who, as he said, had chanced, quite accidentally, to be passing on his way to Mrs. Witham's house.

‘And I say,’ added Mr. Hog, ‘she is

expecting you, my dear Kincraigie, to dinner.'

'I am verra sorry to disappoint a leddy,' replied the laird, 'but I'll bide here till they open the door again, even if I sud be compelled to remain a' nicht.'

'My dear sir, in that case ye wad most assuredly never see the inside o' the Tolbooth again,' said Mr. Grant, very composedly; 'for ye will be a frozen corpse, spite o' your gude cloak, lang ere the sma' hours o' the night are past.'

'And I say the cold pierces through my cloak, and we had better go, for Mrs. Witham has prepared a grand entertainment for him,' remarked Mr. Hog; adding also, in an injured tone, 'the singed tup's head, and the minced collops, and the haggis will be all spoiled; and the lady thinks no one can brew toddy like Kincraigie.'

'Does she indeed think sae? Has Mrs. Witham really prepared a grand entertainment for me? But I wad beg leave to ask ye, Mr. Hog, hoo sud the leddy ken that I

sud be played sic a scandalous shameful trick as this ? Will ye be sae gude as to tell me that ?

Asking these questions, the laird glanced suspiciously at his two friends, though in his heart he was already more than half relenting, and wavering in his determination to brave much longer the inclemency of the weather.

Both Mr. Hog and the writer were rather taken aback and embarrassed by these direct and pointed questions ; but the lawyer, instantly recovering himself, replied :

‘Aweel, ye see, Kinbraigie, the leddy made hersel’ sure, as we a’ did, that ye wad be acquitted, and kennin’ your gallantry and devotion to the fair sex, she was certain that ye wadna refuse her the pleasure o’ your company, which she has sae lang been deprived o’.’

‘I say that after having aspired to the honour and glory of death on the scaffold,’ interposed Mr. Hog, in a tone of reproach, ‘do not give your enemies the triumph of

being able to say that Kincaigie perished in the streets like a frozen cur.'

As he said this, the speaker shivered and wrapped his cloak closer round him.

'Ye are quite richt, Newliston; I vow I didna view it i' that licht afore,' exclaimed the laird, linking his arms in those of his friends, and walking rapidly away; for he was now eager, both on his own account and for the sake of his two companions, to have the shelter of a hospitable roof from the bitter, biting sleet that was beating against their faces, unprotected, as they were, by that useful article the umbrella, which had not, at the date of our tale, been introduced by Jonas Hanway. 'We maun noo consider,' continued the laird, as he slackened for a moment the rapid pace at which he was hurrying his friends along with him, 'what steps I sud tak' wi' respect to the rascals wha hae, wi' sic fause pretences and representations, ejected me frae the Tolbooth, where I had a legal right to remain till I paid that woman her siller.'

'We canna bring an action for false im-

prisonment, that's clear,' said the Writer to the Signet, with a sly smile ; ' but I dinna ken but that we might pursue the turnkeys for wrongfu' ejectment.'

'That's it, Mr. Colquhoun Grant,' shouted the laird gleefully ; ' we'll mak' 'em sairly smart, and they shall rue the day they played Kincraigie sic a slippery trick.'



## CHAPTER V.

‘WHA HAE YE UP THE DAY, LAIRD ?’


THE broad and noble High Street of Auld Reekie, with its lofty houses rising to six, seven, and eight stories, picturesque with high-pitched, crow-stepped gables, their chimneys and outside turret staircases, overtopped as they were by the beautiful open tower, with its clustered pinnacles, of the old church of St. Giles, the patron saint of the city, looked more picturesque than usual on the fine, breezy October day on which we open this chapter.

The city cross no longer stood under the shadow of the church, for it had been taken down the previous year, to widen the street ; but its demolition was probably



not a matter of regret to any of the citizens, for it was not their ancient cross. This had been replaced in the year 1617 by an edifice of medley architecture, and of a style carefully intended to exclude every Christian feature—an erection of an octagon shape, with Ionic pillars at each angle, and a centre column twenty feet high, spangled with thistles, on the top of which was a Corinthian capital bearing a unicorn.

Here, at the Market Cross, from time immemorial, the citizens were wont to meet, between the hours of twelve and one, to transact business; but, in fact, the place was a sort of parade, for people met there also to hear the news of the day. Mingled with the citizens were the higher classes as well, for at that period the families of the nobility and gentry, whose fortunes or inclinations did not take them to London, resorted to Edinburgh for society, amusement, or the education of their children, while the Supreme Courts of Justice attracted many resident lawyers, and the University not a few literary characters.



On the breezy day of October we have mentioned, near the spot where had stood the Market Cross, and in front of the Lucken Booths, a row of houses and shops standing under the shade of the old church, there was gathered together an unusually large concourse of people, all engaged in earnest and animated conversation.

One figure stood conspicuous amongst the crowd—a tall, handsome man, who was standing bareheaded, holding his Highland bonnet and a stick in one hand, whilst he kissed the other in a somewhat exaggerated air of rapture to two ladies walking along the opposite side of the High Street. The bunches of flowers in their hands made it evident that they had been making purchases in the herb and fruit market, then held a little below the Cross, every morning until noon. The ladies were both attired much in the same fashion; their long plaids of fine worsted, adjusted with an elegant air, formed very becoming veils, being brought over their heads, but not so as to hide their faces, and hanging down to

their waists behind; one corner fell in folds from one side, and the other not lower than the ankle, on the opposite side, so as to display white thread stockings, of which the Edinburgh ladies of that day were great admirers. The elder of the two ladies was a pretty little woman, somewhat below middle height; the other a tall, beautiful girl.

‘Charming Miss Winifred! She grows mair beautiful and mair winsome every day I see her. I nicht weel apply to her the words o’ the Roman poet in his ode to his mistress—*O matre pulchra, filia pulchrior!* I trow she eclipses her beautiful mither,’ exclaimed the gentleman aloud, as he replaced his bonnet on his head and held his stick aloft.

‘Fie, fie, Kinraigie! ye are worshipping the rising sun noo,’ said a jesting voice at the laird’s elbow. ‘But wha hae ye got up the day, laird?’ asked the same voice, as the speaker looked admiringly at the elevated stick.

‘Luk weel, Mr. Colquhoun Grant—luk

*‘Wha hae Ye up the Day, Laird?’ 83*

again: dinna ye ken? Is there e’er anither man in Great Britain wi’ sic a countenance?’ replied the laird, raising still higher his stick, on the top of which was fixed a carved head.

The crowd standing about him laughed heartily, and shouted:


‘Weel dune, laird! weel dune! three cheers for Kincairgie! and three groans for the coward, Cumberland, wha drags British valour i’ the mire!’

The bystanders had not failed to recognise in the face carved in the wood, with marvellous skill, the bloated features of the Duke of Cumberland. But before proceeding any further let us digress for a short time to say a few words about our old friend Kincairgie; and then a few more, to show how it happened that the whilom hero of Culloden was now in such ill odour with the greater part of his father’s subjects.

Six years have sped by since the slippery trick was played Kincairgie which led to his ejection from the Tolbooth, and

during this time, as we have perceived, Miss Winifred Witham has developed into a beautiful young lady ; but in this same lapse of years, time seems to have stood still with Kincraigie, for he is unchanged.

Grave as was the disappointment he experienced when at last convinced that all hope of being hanged, drawn, and quartered was at an end, he at length succeeded in conquering his chagrin and disappointment and betook himself to an amusement which continued to divert him during the remainder of his life. This was carving likenesses in wood, for which he had a great talent. He would carve, with the skill of an artist, the heads of public personages, or of any others who were special objects of his dislike ; and in some cases he would represent those, too, for whom he entertained a directly opposite feeling : thus amongst his collection of faces were those of Prince Charlie and many of his most noted adherents. So the laird had once reproduced the countenance of an old and dear friend, for whom he long




mourned deeply. This friend was the unfortunate brother of the gentle Lochiel, Dr. Archibald Cameron, who had been seized on his imprudently returning from abroad to Scotland, on some private affairs, in the year 1753, conveyed to the Tower, condemned to death on a former Act of Attainder, and executed at Tyburn, the carrying out of which cruel sentence against a gallant, amiable, and high-minded gentleman, after the lapse of so many years, was generally attributed to no other motives than those of revenge on the part of the Hanoverian dynasty. But deeply as the laird mourned for his friend, he envied him the martyr's fate to which he himself had so vainly aspired. 'Ah, Cameron!' he would exclaim, 'you are noo the last o' the martyrs. Would that I could hae dee'd for ye, and saved ye for your wife and wee bairnies!'

The laird always stuck the little figures he had carved on the end of a staff or cane, which, as he walked about, he held up to public view. His enemies, or those he

held to be such, were always represented in a style of the most ridiculous caricature. He exhibited a new figure every day of the year; and as this piece of work became, at length, to be expected of him as a matter of course, the question, ‘Wha hae ye up the day, laird?’ was frequently put to him by most who knew him. He would readily give every information on the subject of his artistic skill, as we shall see him do presently with regard to the Duke of Cumberland, of whom we may now say a few words.

During the six years that had elapsed, and which had followed the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle, England had enjoyed peace; but her tranquillity was at length disturbed by disputes with France about the limits of the colonies in North America, belonging to the two nations respectively. The hostilities between them, which commenced in the New World, soon extended to the Old World. The King of England then grew alarmed for his beloved Hanover, and in order to guard against the storm which



threatened the paltry Electorate, had hired the aid of the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, King Frederick of Prussia, and other German princes, at immense cost to the British nation.

As Cadmus of olden times threw a stone amongst the armed men sprung from the dragon’s teeth he had sown, and they instantly turned their weapons upon each other in deadly strife, so the seeds of discord that had been sown in Europe soon brought forth their fruit, and the demon of war commenced his bloody harvest ; and the struggle was carried on with sanguinary perseverance all over the Continent, between France and Austria on one side and England and her allies on the other.

French and English privateers swept the Channel, mutually pillaging and capturing the merchant vessels of their respective nations, and bringing ruin upon many hundreds of persons and families ; whilst the fear of an invasion caused the Government to raise several new regiments, and to establish the militia in every county, in



order that the kingdom might not be left defenceless by the employment of the regular troops abroad. To meet the expenses caused by these measures, and the subsidies paid by the King to his German allies, taxes to an enormous amount were imposed. Groaning, as they were, under this heavy burden of taxation, and the price of provisions having risen to a fabulous height, the misery of the people had become so great that the parliament had been forced to occupy itself about means to alleviate their distress. The exportation of corn was consequently prohibited. Then, again, the general discontent caused by physical sufferings was intensified by the disgrace which had been brought upon their arms abroad by the incapacity of the Duke of Cumberland. The allied army had been put under his command, and it had been resolved to carry the war into Westphalia. He was, however, signally defeated at Hastenbeck, and the French generals, having thoroughly outwitted him, entered Hanover itself, which they laid

under contribution, and driving him from all his posts and pursuing him from place to place, till at last, taking advantage of his blunders, they shut him in on all sides, and forced him to capitulate on the 8th of September, 1757, at Closter Seven. The so-called hero of Culloden returned soon afterwards to London, dishonoured and disgraced, and immediately resigned all his military commands.

Thus were the English, without any advantage to themselves, and because the King of England was Elector of Hanover, drained of their money, which was sent monthly, to be spent on the Continent, in order to pay Frederick the Great of Prussia and other German princes for fighting their own battles.

We may now return to Kincraigie, who stood holding up his stick and apostrophizing the wooden face with its puffed-out cheeks and heavy jaws.

'Ah, thou German whelp, ye hae showed yourself a raal mongrel, when ye hae come face to face wi' the weel-disciplined, weel-

fed troops o' the French king, instead o' the famished and half-armed Hieland army at Culloden, that was nae near as numerous as your ain, and was worn out wi' cold and hunger and want o' sleep; but as brave, mind ye, as the bravest French soldier !' he added, while his blue eye lighted up with enthusiasm. 'Before I left the moor I saw mony a brave chiel wrappit in his bluidy plaid, wi' his fingers still clutching the hilt o' his claymore, and a look of defiance in his glazed een, that showed he had stood true to the last. Brothers-in-arms, they dee'd the death o' heroes; but as for me, I hae been left to drag on an inglorious existence, denied even the happy privilege of laying doon my life on the scaffold for the Prince I wad joyfully hae shed the last drap o' my bluid for on Culloden Moor.'

The crowd stood silent and still, struck by the sadly earnest and pathetic tone of the laird's voice; but their silence was soon broken by mirth and laughter, as a caddy, who, like everyone besides in

Edinburgh, was no stranger to the laird's intense desire to suffer on the gibbet, began to cry out in a loud voice a broadside, which some wag had caused to be printed soon after the demolition of the Market Cross.

'The last dying words,' drawled out the caddy, 'of the Cross of Edinburgh, hanged, drawn, and quartered on Monday, the 15th March, 1756, for the horrid crime of being an encumbrance.'

Colquhoun Grant, to divert the laird's mind, as well from the subject of his hallucination as from this untimely jest upon it, laid his hand on his arm and said :

'There couldna be a better likeness o' the Duke, Kincraigie, than that ye have carved.'

'The butcher, ye sud say!' exclaimed the laird, with a scornful and angry glance. 'But hech, sir ! this is braw news we hae just got frae Lunnon !' and here the speaker rubbed his hands gleefully together to express his satisfaction. ''Tis in a' the Lunnon papers as big as print can mak' it. I hae seen 'em at Mr. Hog's, the Patriot,

and the *Evening Advertiser*, and the *Lunnon Chronicle*.'

'And what do they say about the Duke?' inquired Mr. Grant eagerly.

'Weel, ye maun ken,' replied the laird sarcastically, 'that the butcher crept into Lunnon on Wednesday last, the 12th, under cover o' the nicht; he daredna show his face, and drove verra quietly, and in a private manner, so as nane sud ken o' his arrival, ower Lunnon Bridge, and so to Kensington, where he was unco ill received by his father. Isna this a rather unsatisfactory termination to your martial career?' added Kincraigie, addressing the carved head on his cane, with an air of supreme contempt. 'You that was the hero o' Culloden! hech, ye are fallen low eneuch noo, you coart! Aweel, aweel, mony a tear ye hae caused to flow, and mony a hearthstane ye hae made cauld and desolate by your merciless devastation o' the Hielands. 'Tis somewhat atoned for noo.'

'Is a' this news in the papers?' asked

Colquhoun Grant, impatiently. ‘I maun get a sicht o’ ’em for mysel’.

‘Oh yes, the papers are fu’ o’ the news; but I hae gotten a deal frae Mr. Hog, wha has some freen in Lunnon, and frae him he has learnt mair particulars than the newspapers tell us. It is noo nae secret that for a’ that the King o’ Prussia is a German, and ye ken that the French say that the Germans are unco dense, he is a lang-headed, discerning general; and as a sure proof o’ his gude sense, he has fallen oot wi’ the butcher, wha he plainly says does nae ken hoo to command. The King’s verra words are, *that the man thought sae tardily that he always spoilt his plans*; and I maun say, that gin ye look at his chuckle heid and heavy features, the wonder is that he can think ava;’ and here Kincraigie raised aloft the carved head of the Duke to the view and derision of the bystanders. ‘It maun hae been unco mortifying to a guid sodger, like Frederick o’ Prussia, to see his plans a’ upset by the stupidity o’ the butcher Duke,’ continued the laird, with a

sneer, as he looked at the carved head, which he had turned towards himself.

‘The folk in Paris maun be in high glee ower their victory,’ said our old acquaintance Bailie Lothian, who had just pushed his way up to the laird.

‘Ye may weel say that,’ replied the latter; ‘and they hae drawn caricatures o’ this hero o’ Culloden, this braw Hanoverian prince, walking awa’ wi’ his back turned, and wi’ a white stick in his hand, whilk maun be meant to show his cooardice, as I tak’ it, and looking fu’ o’ shame and despair.’

‘What for has he come back frae Hanover?’ called out a voice in the crowd.

In reply to this inquiry the stentorian voice of the blue-gown Colonel sang out, amidst general laughter :

‘It’s best to bide awa’, Willie,  
It’s best to bide awa’, Willie.’

‘But I can tell ye what ye’ll no find i’ the public papers,’ resumed the laird, when silence was a little restored. ‘The papers

dinna tell what sort o' a reception the butcher got frae his father at Kensington.'

'Weel, weel, let us hear,' cried out Colquhoun Grant.

'The auld Elector turned up his bottle-nose—ye ken he has a bottle-nose, like Oliver Cromwell—and he wadna speak ane word, guid or bad, to the hero o' Culloden a' the evening; but he said to somebody, quite loud enouch for him to hear it, "*Here is my son wha has ruined me and disgraced himsel*.'"'

'And so this is the result of all the money the King has spent!' exclaimed a grumbler standing near Kincraigie.

'Ay, but it isna his ain money; it comes oot o' our purses,' rejoined the latter. 'He's as parsimonious as a Dutchman o' his ain money; but I maun say I am consoled for muckle that the loyal subjects o' King James hae suffered, for our freens the French hae gied the butcher anither Fontenoy—ay, and anither Val, too—at Hastenbeck. It's his turn to greet noo.'



As the hour of two had now tolled forth from the tower of St. Giles and the Tron Church steeple, the crowd gradually dispersed—the shopkeepers to reopen their shops, and the other citizens in various directions.


Kincraigie and Colquhoun Grant took their departure together, the former stalking along with his usual rapid strides, and holding the head of his stick aloft for the admiration of the passers-by, whilst he accompanied Mr. Grant to his lodgings in Gavin's Land, in the Lawn Market.

In the outer chamber of the flat occupied by the Writer to the Signet they were met by a tall, handsome youth, whom Kincraigie greeted with every expression of affectionate regard.

The six years that have lapsed, and have made so little change in the laird, have worked a wondrous transformation in Charlie Macdonald, whom we saw a boy at the High School. Manhood seems already to have set its seal upon him—a bright and vigorous manhood, full of life

and ardour ; and yet the face is but little changed. The red gold of his clustering auburn locks is a shade deeper, and there is a more thoughtful look in the dark blue eyes, almost black in their depth of colour ; but the sweet smile, the frank and open expression of countenance, and the charm of his manner and speech are the same, and win for him, as in his boyhood, esteem and affection from all who know him. He has been at college, and is now apprenticed to Mr. Colquhoun Grant, and gives great promise of becoming, in future years, as eminent and talented a writer as his master. Though, so far, all seems to be well with him, Charlie Macdonald has his troubles—troubles which he keeps bravely to himself, or thinks he does ; but the laird has a good understanding—except where his craze is concerned—and a keen, searching eye, and he has noticed the changing colour, the faltering speech, and the hurry and trepidation of manner, which appear in the young law apprentice when in the company of Winifred Witham.

It is the old story again, 'the course of true love never did run smooth;' for the tall, slender beauty, with her soft blue-grey eyes, and her lovable ways, is expected by her mother to make a grand match, seeing that in her her future husband will secure beauty, wealth, accomplishments, and good birth. Poor Charlie! every day he sees more and more plainly that the young belle, now becoming a celebrated toast, is far beyond his reach; and yet every day he feels himself more and more entangled in the meshes of a hopeless love. He knows that now he is at the bottom of the ladder in his profession, and that years must elapse before he reaches the top, or climbs up even midway; and over and over again he asks himself how, under such circumstances, dare he aspire to the hand of a young lady, rich, beautiful, and accomplished, as is Miss Winifred Witham? Ever as he asks himself this question he condemns his own folly, and yet he seeks every opportunity of seeing her; nay, he will haunt James's Court at unseasonable



*‘Wha hae Ye up the Day, Laird?’* 99

hours, merely to gaze at the walls which contain the dear object of his first love.

‘The laddie looks na sae weel as in the auld times,’ observed the laird thoughtfully, as Charlie left the room to execute an errand for Mr. Grant.

‘He is growing such a lang-legged chiel,’ replied Grant, laughing; ‘but I canna see that aught is wrong.’

‘Aweel, I maun bid ye good-bye,’ said Kincairgie, rising abruptly. ‘I hae some carving to do afore I gang to bed; and the morn,’ he added mysteriously, ‘I’ll pit the question to ye, “Wha hae I up the day, Grant?”’



## CHAPTER VI.

‘WHA HAE I UP THE DAY, GRANT?’

THE words at the head of our chapter were uttered by the laird himself, as he entered Mr. Colquhoun Grant’s chamber, on the morning succeeding the day on which he had exhibited the carved caricature of the Duke of Cumberland, and as he spoke, he held up the head of his stick for his friend’s inspection.

Mr. Grant gazed earnestly at the face, carved in the artist’s best style. Here was no caricature, but the representation of a countenance full of manly beauty. The brow was broad and open, the nose a fine aquiline, and the mouth and short upper lip expressed sweetness and firmness

combined. As Grant looked earnestly at the carved head, he passed his hand over his forehead, as though in thought, and then exclaimed abruptly :

'Hoot, man ! The devil tak' me, gin it isna Charlie Macdonald.'

'Nae, nae, ye're a' out this time,' responded the laird ; 'look again.'

'Aweel, if 'tis not Charlie, 'tis as like him as one pea is like another,' replied the writer, with his eyes still fixed on the carving, 'and the face seems unco familiar to me, as though I maun hae seen it afore, though where and when I canna jist the noo ca' to mind.'

'I was richt,' muttered the laird, speaking to himself ; 'he sees the likeness too : ' then he added with a deep sigh, 'and it brings his face afore me sae strongly, that I can scarce think o' him as deed, wi' the grass growing over his grave these mony years.'

The laird had dropped into a chair, and resting his folded hands on his stick, remained silent for a few moments. Grant

was on the point of asking him to whom he was alluding in his last remark, but before the question could be put, a short hasty knock was heard at the door, and almost before the Writer to the Signet could utter the usual formula giving leave to enter, a tall youth with stalwart proportions bounced in, for that is almost the only description of the manner in which Mr. Anthony Witham entered the chamber. The young Westmoreland squire was the same noisy, frolicsome Tony as of yore, full of fun and laughter, but brimful also of kindness and good-humour. He had, however, sadly disappointed his mother, and still continued to disappoint her. She thought him singularly wanting in the refinement and elegance and polish of good society. He could, it is true, take a five-barred gate in style in the hunting-field, bring down a gull, and even a snipe on the wing, with a single bullet; and among the golf-players of Auld Reekie, he invariably stalked triumphantly over the Links; but he certainly did not shine in

fashionable and genteel company. In truth, he was not a fine gentleman, and what the ladies at that time called a pretty fellow and a beau. His loud voice and his boisterous laugh sorely jarred on Mrs. Witham’s sensitive nerves; then, too, he was an awkward dancer, and did not cock his hat with a genteel air when he walked a minuet; he disliked cards; wore his own hair, instead of a nicely powdered Parisian peruque *en escalier*; abjured scents, and held in sovereign contempt most of the fine ladies and gentlemen whom his mother delighted in gathering around her.

For some months Mrs. Witham had been sojourning in London with her family. She had returned, indeed, only the previous week to Edinburgh, and this was Tony’s first visit to Mr. Colquhoun Grant, with whom he was delighted, accidentally, to find his friend the laird, whom also he had not yet seen.

‘You have not called on my mother yet,’ said Tony, when the first greetings were over, ‘though,’ he added, in a would-



be languishing tone and with an affected air, in imitation of the speech and manners of a fine lady, 'I vow and protest she hath been dying to see you ever since she returned.'

'Hout, lad ! dinna talk like a gowk in sic a fashion as that,' exclaimed the laird ; 'but this comes o' your visit to Lunnon. I feared ye wad a' return tainted wi' Whiggery.'

Tony laughed uproariously.

'My dear sir, Tory ladies as well as Whig vow and protest they are dying, and the one is as like as the other to receive her death-blow from the neglect of a visitor to call on her ; but you have at least seen my mother, for she told me she saw you yesterday in the High Street.'

'Ay, to be sure, and I saw her along wi' sweet Miss Winifred. She is grown mair lovely and bewitching than ever. I hope she has nae lost her heart i' Lunnon ; we could not spare sic a flower frae Auld Reekie.'

'Winnie is heart-whole,' replied Tony ;

'indeed, she seemed very glad to get back to Edinburgh ; but how did you think my mother looked ? Did you see her, Mr. Grant ?' he added, addressing that gentleman.

The laird and the writer both replied that they had thought Mrs. Witham looking 'verra weel.'

'You amaze me, gentlemen!' exclaimed Tony, in a tone of exaggerated surprise. 'I assure you it is a marvel that her strength has borne up against the amount of labour she has gone through—labour enough to destroy the constitution of the strongest man.'

'What the deil has she been doing ?' asked the laird very bluntly.

'Only mixing in polite society and town diversions,' replied Tony, shrugging his shoulders, 'which I found to be uncommon hard labour, and so did Winnie ; but she had an advantage over me, for she was let off from some of the fashionable entertainments on account of her youth, while I had to escort my mother about from morn-


ing till night, first from one crowded place and then to another. Egad, she never seemed tired or weary, and vowed and protested that she was enjoying life ; for myself, I was sick of it all from the very bottom of my soul.'

The laird and Mr. Grant laughed at Tony's vehemence.

'You see, it was all so hollow and hypocritical that it became ludicrous,' he continued, with a look of mingled disgust and amusement.

The laird and Mr. Grant laughed outright.

'To begin the day,' continued Tony, with a comical smile, 'my mother received company from eleven in the morning till one. After they had sat for about half an hour, the footman—for my mother had hired one—came into the room with chocolate and canary and cakes on a silver salver, and went round with it to the visitors. And then their tongues would be loosened, and a confused chattering and lipping about the court, the play, and the opera, would be all that could be heard ;



and in the middle of the babel of voices, perhaps a thundering knocking at the front door would be heard, which made me start—and you know I am not vapourish, as the fine ladies call it.'

'Nae, nae ; faith ye are nae !' exclaimed the two gentlemen, as they looked at the stalwart young squire.

'But my mother was quite calm,' continued Tony, laughing, 'and only said very quietly that some company were coming, she supposed ; and immediately the room door would be thrown open, and in would sail Lady Varnish, pushing her hoop sideways before her, for it was too wide to allow her to walk in straight-forwards ; and then my lady would curtsy very low to my mother, and inquire after her health, and then she would curtsy to all the other ladies, one after another, and make all the usual compliments. And then, after sipping a glass of canary, she would take out her fine gold repeater watch and declare that it was twelve o'clock, and vow and protest that it was time for her to go,

as she had eight more visits to make ; and then I would have the supreme happiness of conducting her to her chair, and waiting her commands till she set off with a couple of running footmen before her.'

'Happy chiel ! to enjoy the company o' sae many fair leddies,' exclaimed Kin-craigie, with assumed gravity ; and then all the three gentlemen burst into a laugh.

'But you should have seen them sipping their chocolate or wine, and heard them compliment each other ;' and here Tony simpered and spoke in a mincing tone : " You look vastly well to-day, my dear Mrs. Primrose." " Your dress is mightily becoming, my dear Lady Bab." " How clever you were at cards last night." And as soon as Lady Bab has taken her leave, the Honourable Mrs. Snap exclaims, " Oh, lud ! the frightful old thing ! the paint and lard on her cheeks are an inch thick, I vow ;" a second good-natured lady exclaims, " How impudently she cheated at cards last night !" while the very lady who complimented Lady Bab on her dress cried

out, "What a frightful sacque she has on!"

'Noo, are a' the fine leddies like that?' inquired Colquhoun Grant, as soon as the general laughter had subsided. 'Did ye mak' the acquaintance o' the Misses Stewart, the dochters o' our former Lord Provost, Archibald Stewart? I hae heard frae a freen that he is making his fortune as a banker sin' he settled in Lunnon. A' the Jacobite party supports him. Ye will ken him, Kincraigie?'

'Ay, I ken him,' replied the laird; 'he was provost here in '45, and was afterwards tried on suspicion of favouring the Prince.'

'My mother banked with him,' observed Tony.

'Weel, but, Mr. Witham, what sort o' young leddies are the Misses Stewart?' inquired Colquhoun Grant, turning to Tony. 'I hae been informed that they are bonnie lasses.'

'I' faith, they are mighty fine ladies now,' replied Tony. 'The youngest, Miss

Flora, is a vast favourite with my mother, who calls her a charming young creature, and has invited her to come and stay with us. She amuses my mother, for she can retail scandal to perfection, and she always vows and protests, as all other fine ladies do, that the Italian opera is the most sublime entertainment in life, though, like other fine ladies, she does not understand one word of Italian.'

'Sic a wife as that young leddy wad mak' winna dae for you, Mr. Witham,' observed the laird, shaking his head gravely. 'But come, let us hae something mair anent the labours o' Mrs. Witham, whilk ye say hae nearly killed ye.'

'Well, another morning's amusement was to go to Cock's great auction-room in Covent Garden. There is always a great deal of genteel company there, who pretend to look over the pictures, but who really only want to gossip and listen to the scandal of the town; or she would go to different milliners' shops for the same purpose, I suppose. But she excused my

attending her to these last ; poor Winnie was, much against her will, obliged to go, though, for my mother insisted that she must know what is done in polite society.'

'Weel, weel,' observed the laird, 'gin the puir young leddy didna enjoy sic fashions, she will nae hae taken mickle harm.'

'Then if they were not at auction-rooms, or in milliners' shops,' continued Tony, 'they would take a morning walk, for which my mother would require my attendance. A walk in St. James's Park, on the grass of the Mall, was pleasant enough ; much more so, i' faith, than driving about the streets in the stuffy glass-coach she had all the time she was in London. Poor Winnie began to look very pale and thin, but my mother certainly seemed able to bear any amount of fatigue. Zounds ! she used to receive cards of invitation to routs three weeks beforehand, sometimes for two different routs on the same night, and she would drive from one to



the other, and play a rubber of whist at each !'

'I dinna ken hoo leddies can tak' sae mickle pleasure in caird-playing,' observed the laird.

'And whiles, wi' a' their skeel, they maun lose mickle siller,' chimed in Colquhoun Grant, who was naturally careful of his money.

'My mother used not to care much for cards,' replied Tony ; 'but,' he added, reddening slightly, and speaking in a tone of vexation, 'she made the acquaintance of a Captain Edmondston, a good-humoured, pleasant sort of man, but very fond of gaming, as I have heard, and I think she has taken a liking for cards since she knew him. He knows many fashionable people. He was often at our lodgings, and would make up parties for Marybone Gardens to see the fireworks, and hear Mr. Lowe and Miss Stephenson sing ; or Vauxhall, or Ranelagh, and hear Miss Falkener, or Mr. Beard——'

'Oh, Beard,' interposed Colquhoun

Grant ; 'that is the comedian and singer of Drury Lane Theatre, who married the rich titled widow, Lady Henrietta Herbert ; a lucky fellow.'

'My mother would go to an oratorio in the chapel of the Foundling Hospital,' continued Tony, laughing ; 'it was under the direction of Mr. Handel. Egad, it was crammed ! She had asked Captain Edmondston to come with us. He did not refuse, but I could see how bored he was. But he accompanied us to some *ridottos*, which were more to his taste. He walked minuets there with my mother, and I was often Miss Flora Stewart's partner. Captain Edmondston is a pleasant fellow, but still——'

'You don't like him, because he is paying too much attention to your mither,' remarked the laird, looking grave ; 'aweel, Mr. Tony, I ken ye are nae far wrang. But who is this Captain Edmondston ?'

Tony replied in a voice somewhat husky, and as he spoke there was a nervous twitch at the corners of his mouth : 'He is a great

friend of Lieutenant James Hog. They were both in Colonel Monro's regiment in America ; and when James learnt that my mother was in London, he introduced his friend to her. But I must tell you about a drum my mother would have,' continued Tony, wishing to quit a disagreeable subject. 'Egad, it was a mighty odd affair ! for her lodgings were too small for the crowd she would collect ; and, i' faith, the rooms were so full that the card-tables ran the risk of being tumbled over. Zounds ! one-half the guests never got beyond the staircase !'

'Why invite more people than the rooms will haud ?' inquired the laird very innocently.

'Egad, sir, it wouldn't be a drum if there was not a mob,' replied Tony, laughing. 'Fine ladies vie with each other to collect the biggest mobs, and whoever succeeds excites the envy of the others, and in that consists the real enjoyment of a drum. But, by my faith, I'll never go near a drum again as long as I live ; 'tis no joke to have your breath squeezed out of your

body, your toes trod on, and to be half suffocated with the perfumes of the fine ladies. Zounds! I became quite sick of drums, assemblies, concerts, and oratorios. The only entertainment I could endure was a masquerade at the little theatre in the Haymarket; there was some fun in that.'

'What character did ye take, Mr. Witham?' asked Colquhoun Grant.

'Why, a fox-hunter; I was at home in that, you know.'

'Did your mother go?' inquired the laird.

In spite of a feeling of vexation, Tony could not forbear laughing, and giving the gentlemen an account of his mother's adventure.

'You should have seen her and Captain Edmondston,' he said. 'They went together—he as an American Indian, and she as his squaw.'

'I vow to Heaven that this luiks unco like courting!' exclaimed the laird, with a grimace; 'but what put into Mrs. Witham's

head the idea of dressing hersel' like a savage ?'

'Lieutenant Hog has just come home from America, you know,' replied Tony, 'and he brought back some Indian dresses, which my mother vastly admired ; and she there and then thought that she should make a mighty striking appearance in one at the masquerade, and Captain Edmondston instantly proposed that she should take a female dress and go as an Indian squaw, and he put on a male dress.'

'What an extraordinary couple they must have looked !' observed the laird very drily.

'There was certainly some fun and laughter among the crowd when they were getting out of their coach,' said Tony, laughing. 'The Captain had on a periwig of ebony-black hair, straight and lanky, and as coarse as horse-hair, and with one lock of it decorated with silver trinkets and glass beads of all colours, but my mother would wear her own hair, which was plaited, and parted in the centre as usual, only that Winnie had to draw a

streak of vermilion paint all down the division. As for Captain Edmondston, he was a sight ; his face was bedaubed in the most fantastic manner with red, black, and white paint, and the plumes stuck on his head were so high that they knocked against the roof of the coach.'

'I dinna wonder sae mickle at this Captain parading himsel' in his outlandish garb,' observed the laird in a tone of contempt, 'for these Lunnon bucks or bluids, or whatsoever they ca' themsel's, are sae unco conceited, that they think they are admired gin they doe or wear onything. The puir gopuses ! the silly gowks ! But the marvel to me is hoo that sensible and excellent leddy, your mither, could condescend to clothe herself like a heathen.'

'There is no accounting for taste, sir ; I assure you my mother vastly admired her appearance,' said Tony. 'She was quite proud of her moccasins and leggings.'

'I thought, for my part,' observed Colquhoun Grant, 'that the attire of the Indians was sae unco scanty, as no to be

owerdecent, according to our European notions.'

'Don't imagine that my mother was guilty of any impropriety,' replied Tony, in a mirthful tone; 'she did not represent a South American Indian. She wore garments made from otter skins. She will show you the moccasins; she is quite charmed with them; they are made of deer-skin, and ornamented with coloured glass beads and porcupine quills; the edges are decorated with ribbon. Captain Edmondston's had tags of copper, filled with scarlet hair, for there is a difference between a man's moccasins and a woman's; but their leggings were the same—bright scarlet cloth, with the seams on the outside, covered with ribands and beads of all colours. Then the Captain had a tomahawk, scalping-knife, and his bow and a quiver full of arrows, slung from his shoulders; and half a dozen brown bobwigs hanging from his waist, to represent so many scalps of slain enemies. As he sauntered about the room, with his toes

rather turned in, which he said was the Indian fashion, I assure you he did not make a bad specimen of a plumed and painted warrior.'

'Weel, but hoo did your mither get on?' inquired the laird.

'I must own that my mother did not act her part quite so naturally,' replied Tony, laughing. 'Only fancy an Indian squaw saying, "Oh la! oh you vile men! Law, what flatterers you are! I vow I hate you perfectly!"'

'Aweel, Mr. Tony, you hae amused me wi' your comical description o' the masquerade,' said the laird, when he and Colquhoun Grant had ceased laughing. 'But tell us a wee about young Lieutenant Hog; and I dinna yet understand hoo this Captain came to be sae mickle at Mrs. Witham's.'

'Well, you see, as I have told you, they were both in Monro's regiment, which lay in garrison at Fort William Henry, on Lake George, when the French and Indians besieged it; and after our troops



were forced to capitulate, the Marquis de Montcalm, the French commander, gave them their liberty, on condition that they would not serve against the French king or his allies for eighteen months; so James and the Captain started for England, and as James was wounded in the leg, his friend took care of him till they arrived safe in London. And since then they have been inseparable; where one goes, the other goes.'

'Consequently,' observed the laird drily, 'whenever Lieutenant Hog calls to see his father's old friend, your mother, this Captain goes with him.'

'And oftener, too,' muttered Tony. 'But I can assure you,' he said in a louder tone, 'that since his arrival from America, our friend James has been exalted by the ladies, and my mother in particular, into a hero. His wounded leg makes him walk a little stiff, and this is an excuse for every young miss, and old one too, for the matter of that, to express her admiration quite loud enough for him to hear. But

egad,' added Tony, with a smile, 'these misses have somehow got to know that Lieutenant James Hog will have a large fortune.'

'They wad be sure to get that piece o' information before they made a hero of him,' said the laird, smiling also.

'Zounds, what a chorus when he enters a room!' continued Tony. "'Charming young man! I vow he is quite a pretty fellow!'" exclaims one miss. "Vastly like one of the martyrs of old!" says an elderly miss, as she takes out her gold snuff-box, and indulges in a pinch of lavender snuff.'

'Tut, tut!' growled the laird; 'fine leddies ken hoo to lee, it seems. Why, young Hog is as ugly as Auld Cloutie himsel.'

'But you see, sir, his wound has made him look pale, and delicate, and languishing,' said Tony. 'But I know one girl who is no great admirer of him, I am sure, and that is sister Winnie.'

'Aweel, she shows the guid common-sense one wad hae expected frae sic an

intelligent young leddy,' remarked Colquhoun Grant.

'But I am afraid there is a great deal of trouble in store for Winnie,' said Tony, glancing from one to the other of his two friends. 'You know that when my mother has set her heart upon anything, she always adheres very strongly to it, and I can see she has made up her mind to bring about a match betwixt Winnie and James Hog.'

'The Lord be guid unto us !' exclaimed Kincaigie, with whom, we must observe, the young Lieutenant had never been a great favourite. 'What ! marry the loveliest, sweetest young leddy in a' Edinburgh to a chiel as ugly as—I have said before—as Auld Nick, and fu' o' conceits an' a' sorts o' whimsies ! It maun be stoppit, lad ; it maun be stoppit. I'll speak to your mother mysel' on the subject.'

'It will do no good,' replied Tony mournfully ; 'my mother is bent upon the match, and Newliston himself highly approves of it, and Winnie says nothing.'

'Then how do ye ken she doesn't like young Hog?' asked the laird.

'I know it just as much as though I had asked her,' replied Tony, very emphatically.

'You can never understand a woman,' observed the laird, shaking his head; 'she may say one thing and mean anither. And then, puir things, some o' 'em are ower-timorous and ower easily persuaded; but I hope that will nae be the case with Miss Winnie. There's ane I wad far rather see her husband than Lieutenant James Hog, wi' a' his wealth. But there's some one knocking at the door, Mr. Grant.'

The some one proved to be Charlie Macdonald, who brought a message from a client who wished to see the writer, so the three gentlemen separated. Tony was distressed at seeing the pale and haggard looks of his dear friend Charlie, and swore that he was working too hard, and that he was losing all his strength, cooped up in these murky chambers, and poring over dry law books and musty parchments. But if Charlie kept such long vigils in general,

as he did that night, he might look pale and haggard ; for he sat in the deep recess of his bedchamber window far into the small hours, till the stars had paled out, and the white moonbeams, growing fainter, ceased to show the pallor of his face, shadowed by the deep and heavy gloom of his untold sorrow.





## CHAPTER VII.

### SABBATH SMALL TALK.

On a bright October Sunday afternoon, a pretty numerous party was assembled in Mrs. Witham's drawing-room.

In answer to some remarks anent the pleasures of fashionable life, that had been made by Lieutenant James Hog to Miss Witham, that gentleman's worthy sire interrupted him with some irritation, saying :

‘I say, son James, if Miss Winnie be the sensible young lady that I and others take her for, she will prefer rambling about Arthur's Seat or Salisbury Crags, and breathing the pure air there, to sitting in hot crowded theatres and rooms playing at brag, or commerce, or whist, and losing

her money to fine women of fashion, who are not above cheating when occasion offers. And I say, James, that if you only exist here, as you call it, you will have to exist at a less expensive and extravagant rate, and live more plainly, like your father.'

'Young blood, sir,' observed Captain Edmondston, a fashionably dressed man, with his hair nicely powdered and toupeed in the military style, tall, handsome, and possessing a pleasing and frank expression of countenance, but who, nevertheless, bore about him all the appearance of a gay and dissipated man of fashion. 'We elders,' he added, coupling himself with Mr. Hog, a man much his senior, and with no good looks or grace of manner to boast of, for he was getting very fat, 'have sown our wild oats, and the silver threads which streak our hair, and the lines furrowed by time on our countenances, have taught us prudence and discretion.'

'Oh, lud, Captain Edmondston,' interposed Mrs. Witham, fluttering her fan and

laughing, 'you are vastly droll ; laws ! to compare yourself with my good friend Mr. Hog, who is old enough to be your father !'

'Not quite, madam,' interposed the gentleman referred to, rather nettled.

'I protest, sir, that my honoured papa'—and here Mrs. Witham applied a handkerchief to her eyes—'said, a day or two before he died—and I was quite a little girl then, quite—Mr. Hog will be a father to you.'

'Sdeath, this is vastly odd talk,' said Captain Edmondston, as he took from his pocket a small oblong ivory box, containing his toothpick, and a little mirror set inside the lid, and in which he surveyed his handsome features very complacently. 'Egad, I wonder what our friends Lady Bounce and Lady Varnish, or Lady Frightful, would say of the wretches who should introduce age as a topic ! By my faith, the culprit would be torn in pieces at the next assembly or ridotto.'

'I say, I care nothing about assemblies or ridottos,' replied Mr. Hog tartly. 'I am too old to dance, and I hate cards, for



I do not care about losing my money, or my son losing it for me, which comes to the same thing. 'Oons, he is over-fond of cards. And pardon me, Captain Edmondston, if, since I am accredited with years sufficient to be your father, I assume the privilege of one, and advise you to be careful not to yield too much to the prevailing taste of the people of the first fashion—I mean the taste for gaming.'

'A mere pastime,' replied the Captain, laughing carelessly, but biting his lip at the same time, for he well understood what Mr. Hog meant, and glancing at Mrs. Witham.

'No one would be thought anything of in polite society who could not play at cards,' exclaimed Mr. James Hog, with some warmth.

'Well,' remarked Mrs. Witham, 'for a gentleman of fortune, a little knowledge of play really becomes a necessary accomplishment.'

'Tony should have been with us at St. Paul's Chapel this morning,' said, or

rather drawled out, Lieutenant Hog, 'should he not, Mrs. Witham? For though he says that he is not possessed of a love of play, he might still have profited by the sermon we heard against gaming.'

'Egad, then, Captain Edmondston, it is more than you can have done,' interposed Tony, with a hearty laugh, 'for my mother told us, at dinner, you was fast asleep all the time.'

But leaving the little lady for a few moments, much shocked at her son's blunt speech, let us here explain how it happened that the gallant Captain and his hosts, the two Messieurs Hog, happened to be in Edinburgh on this same Sunday. Mr. Hog the elder, who was not a very strict Episcopalian, for convenience' sake, and to save turning out his carriage, usually attended the parish church of Newliston, which, of course, was Presbyterian; but this day he had ordered it for Edinburgh, solely out of politeness to his guest, who had expressed a wish to see the

Episcopalian Chapel, where, as he said, he had heard that all the stately lords and lairds and dames of the Jacobite party were wont to go : the truth, however, was that the gallant Captain wanted to see the well-dowered widow.

St. Paul's Episcopal Chapel, where, as Captain Edmondston said, the Jacobite aristocracy worshipped, stood half-way down Carrubber's Close, a steep, narrow, shady alley, leading out of the High Street. The chapel was a plain, unpretending edifice, but it had been the obscure retreat of the Episcopalian bishops and clergy, and their followers, from the period of the Revolution, when Episcopacy ceased to be the form of Church government in Scotland, and the Presbyterian became the Established Church of the kingdom. Into this retired little chapel the three gentlemen entered, soon after the service had commenced, much to the disedification of many of the congregation. But to return from this short digression.

‘ La, Tony, how you do talk ! ’ exclaimed

the fair widow. 'But tell me, Captain Edmondston,' she added, shifting the conversation with considerable tact, and affecting a little simper, 'did you see the Laird of Kincraigie in the chapel? Poor gentleman!'—and here the lady slightly sighed—'he used quite to persecute me with his attentions, and I fear I have, most innocently, on my part, I assure you, contributed to the distracted state of his mind by my coldness.'

'Presumptuous coxcomb!' exclaimed the Captain, 'to dare to lift his eyes to so surprising and charming a creature.' And here the gallant son of Mars bowed low to the widow; and then, with a stern frown, he went on to say, 'If he were not crazed, or daft, as they call it here—though, i' faith, I can see but little trace of madness in him—I would——' and here the irate gentleman muttered something, of which only the words 'unmannerly,' 'insolent,' were audible.

Mrs. Witham and Mr. Hog heard the latter part of Captain Edmondston's speech

in silence and with some surprise, and they both looked inquiringly at him for some explanation.

‘Sdeath,’ continued the Captain, ‘Mr. Robertson was very rude to me this morning.’

‘I say, Captain Edmondston, you must have made some mistake,’ interposed Mr. Hog, ‘for I have never found Kincraigie otherwise than a polite, well-bred gentleman. Pray, sir, how did he offend you this morning? for I did not know that you had spoken to him.’

‘Sir, the insult was unmistakable. As I was going up the aisle of the chapel, I saw him in his pew, and I saw plainly that he recognised me, and I at once made him a genteel bow; but zounds, sir, what do you think? Why, he only stared at me, and then looked at the parson, who was reading the Litany.’

Mr. Hog, on hearing this explanation, laughed heartily, much to the Captain’s chagrin; but as Mrs. Witham herself joined in the laugh, he only bit his lip,

when the former gentleman said in a good-humoured tone of voice :

‘ I say, Captain, I told you it was all a mistake ; you are quite in error if you think that Kincraigie meant to be rude to you. But if Mrs. Witham will explain the matter, she will succeed much better than I can in mollifying your vexation.’

‘ It is the custom in Scotland, Captain Edmondston,’ said Mrs. Witham, ‘ if any person comes into the church after the service has begun, never to take notice of any of his friends or acquaintances who may be there, nor they of him. I must say,’ added the little lady, she being a devout little lady in her way, ‘ that it is a better custom than we have in England, where people make bows and curtsies to each other, and stare about in search of their friends, especially if they be people of distinction.’

‘ Well, ma’am, after what you say, I will excuse what I deemed Mr. Robertson’s impertinence this morning,’ replied Captain Edmondston, ‘ but I still maintain that he

is not a gentleman of refined manners or polite and elegant speech.'

'I' faith, an he heard you call him Mr. Robertson,' said the elder Mr. Hog with a laugh, 'he would speak to you on the subject in no very polite and elegant manner. Allow me to remind you that he is usually called Kincraigie.'

At this moment the very individual who was the subject of discourse was shown into the room, which caused some little embarrassment amongst the company.

'Talk o' Auld Clootie, and he's at your elbow, eh?' said the laird, as he bowed to Mrs. Witham and the company, and immediately burst into a hearty laugh, which was supplemented by Tony facetiously poking the Captain in the ribs.

'I am at a loss to understand who you mean by Old Clootie, sir,' said Captain Edmondston stiffly, 'and therefore I cannot join in your merriment.'

'I meant the deil, to be sure,' was the abrupt reply. 'You was talking about me when I came in, wasn't you?'

This very matter-of-fact question somewhat discomposed Captain Edmondston, but instantly recovering himself, he replied, with the effrontery of a man of the world :

‘ Really, sir, I might be excused for taking you for the personage known, it appears, in Edinburgh, by the singular appellation of Old Clootie, for we were talking of you.’

‘ I judged sæ muckle frae your faces,’ was the cool and deliberate reply of the laird.

‘ I assure you, my dear sir, that we were passing no adverse criticisms upon you,’ Mrs. Witham hastened to observe, with an utter disregard of truth.

After the interchange between the two gentlemen of these empty compliments, the Captain, suddenly remembering, as he said, that he and his friend, James Hog, had an engagement which he had forgotten, took their leave of Mrs. Witham and the company; and the door had scarcely closed on them before the senior



Mr. Hog also rose, observing, by way of an apology for his abrupt departure:

‘I say, my dear madam, I must see where they are going. I say, my son James is a fool, and this Edmondston leads him into all sorts of extravagance. I wish he had never met the man—I do indeed, from the bottom of my heart. He is what we used to call in London a man of wit and pleasure about town; he is a deal older than James, and will lead him to destruction.’

‘Oh la, sir, do not say so!’ cried out Mrs. Witham, who was almost infatuated in her admiration of the elegant and well-bred captain. ‘I vow and protest that your son has improved vastly since he knew Captain Edmondston; he has got quite the air of a fine gentleman of the first fashion, so clever in every polite and genteel accomplishment, so refined and yet so manly.’

Making no reply to these flattering encomiums of Mrs. Witham, with which he evidently did not agree, Mr. Hog at once withdrew.

‘Hech, sirs,’ said the laird, who was the first to speak after Mr. Hog’s departure, ‘did ye ever ken sic an inconsistent man as Newliston? for let-a-bed his religion, whilk, for as lang as I hae kenned him, I could na tell whether he was High Church, like you and me, ma’am, or Low Church, or Presbyterian, or tinged wi’ the doctrines o’ that saint John Wesley——’

‘That saint appreciates the good things of this world,’ said Mrs. Witham, smilingly interrupting the laird; ‘for he wedded Mrs. Vazel of Threadneedle Street, whom the newspapers styled “a widow lady of large fortune.”’

‘Aweel,’ replied the laird drily, ‘that is jist what I sud expect frae sic a saint; but as I was saying, forbye his religion, Newliston is unco inconsistent. Noo, for a man o’ his wealth, he is a sair puir housekeeper, and he dresses verra ill, and haggles wi’ his tradefolks over a penny, whiles he maks a mighty large allowance to his son, whilk he spends in hunners o’ pounds; and gin I am no mistaken, the guid man admires vastly

the figure o' the callant, though he does ca' him a coof and a sumph for spending sae mickle siller in dress.'

Tony laughed outright at this character-painting of the laird, adding thereto his own remarks :

'When I looked at James's cobweb silk stockings this morning, and his smart pumps of grained leather, so thin, that he durst hardly tread on a feather for fear of bursting them, and thin silk breeches, the very sight of them on such a day as this, with a breath of coming winter in the air, almost froze me.'

'Tony, you are very absurd !' exclaimed Mrs. Witham, rather tartly ; 'now I think Lieutenant Hog dresses very genteelly.'

At this moment a servant, opening the parlour door, announced Major Wharton.

Mrs. Witham received the visitor with the greatest affability and pleasure ; and after the first salutations were over, and the Major had recognised Kincairgie,

whom he had met at Mrs. Witham's on a former visit to Edinburgh, he turned again to that lady and said :

' I only came to Edinburgh yesterday, and as I saw you at chapel this morning, I took the first opportunity of paying my respects to you, ma'am. I had the pleasure of seeing you there, too,' he added, addressing Kincraigie ; ' but your attention was absorbed in your prayer-book so you did not notice me.'

Kincraigie bowed politely.

' Major Wharton,' said Mrs. Witham, looking at Charlie Macdonald, who was standing rather behind Tony and Miss Witham, ' I know that you admire the Highlanders vastly, though my Lord Viscount your father is connected with the government. Permit me, Major Wharton, to introduce our young friend, Mr. Charles Macdonald, to your society.' Then, turning to Charlie, she said, ' Mr. Macdonald, this is Major Wharton, an old friend of mine.'

The gentlemen saluted each other

politely, and Major Wharton took Charlie very cordially by the hand.

‘Major Wharton,’ said Mrs. Witham, ‘this is the Charles Macdonald whom you have heard us speak of, a dear friend of Tony’s, and of mine too ; for but for him I should now have had no son,’ and the little lady smiled kindly on Charlie. ‘You will remember, Major Wharton,’ she continued, ‘that he saved Tony from drowning at Leith, when he was a boy.’

‘Yes, I remember very well,’ replied the gallant Major, extending his hand again, first to Tony and then to Charlie Macdonald, though he retained that of the latter for a moment in his own, and gazed thoughtfully at him, marvelling what there was in the youth’s handsome face that should bring to his mind a scene of long ago, when, himself but a stripling, he had been one of the party of officers in the chamber of the inn at Inverness, a few hours after the carnage on Culloden Moor.

‘Ye ken, nae doot, Major Wharton, the sair disappointment I hae suffered in the

dearest wish o' my heart sin last I had the pleasure o' seeing you,' said the laird dolefully.

The Major, who was well aware of the laird's craze, and could with difficulty keep his countenance, replied with a polite bow ; but immediately collecting his ideas, which this abrupt speech of Kincraigie had rather dispelled, he said in a somewhat grave tone :

' I can hardly sympathise, my dear sir, with you in your disappointment ; indeed, you must pardon me if I own that I cannot but rejoice that your dearest wish has not been gratified, since I very much prefer meeting you here again in the flesh, at the house of our fair friend Mrs. Witham, to seeing the blackened and mouldering head and quarters of so brave and generous a gentleman exposed on the city gates.'

The laird sighed deeply, and then said in a pensive, but low tone, and as if speaking to himself :

' Aweel, aweel, I hae noo amaisht reconciled myself' to my sair disappointment ; but

it was unco hard to bear when I heard that my puir freen, Dr. Archie Cameron, had been ta'en to Lunnon and hanged, drawn, and quartered. Hech, sirs,' and the laird sighed again, 'I hae focht again the usurper and done as muckle again him as my puir freen, and yet I am denied the honour he has enjoyed o' laying doon his life for his lawfu' king. Aweel, I maun bide patiently.'

'I met an old friend of mine in the High Street,' said the Major, wishing to turn the conversation and Kincraigie's thoughts, and addressing Mrs. Witham, 'Captain Edmondston, a friend of yours too, I believe; he was with Mr. Hog and his son, who, by-the-bye, charged me with their compliments to you, and begged me to say that they were returning to Newliston, and so would not have the pleasure of calling on you again.'

'Have you known Captain Edmondston long?' inquired Mrs. Witham, with an appearance of considerable interest.

'It is about fourteen or fifteen years

since I first made his acquaintance; we were both very young officers then,' replied Major Wharton. 'I have lost sight of him for a long while, but he is very little altered, and is still as handsome as ever, and scarce looks any older.'

'Oh, then you knew him when he was in Burrell's regiment, and when he was wounded at Culloden?' exclaimed Mrs. Witham, never thinking that Kincairgie was present, and only reflecting upon her indiscreet remark when it was too late.

'Culloden — Burrell's regiment!' exclaimed Kincairgie; 'yes, I ken that Captain Edmondston was wi' Burrell's, and was sair wounded, and I honour him for't as I sud honour a' brave men. Burrell's regiment stood like men, but the clan Frazer made an unco sair slaughter among 'em. I had a verra dear freen in that clan whom I lo'ed as a brither,' continued the laird, sighing deeply as he spoke; 'he shed his best heart's bluid for his lawfu' king, and here I am, and canna lay doon my worthless life for him.'



It seems astonishing that a man should be carried away by so strange an infatuation, and yet be so sensible in all other respects ; but the laird's case was not dissimilar to that of a worthy citizen of Argos, near two thousand years ago, who would sit for hours together in an empty theatre, rapturously and loudly applauding imaginary actors, and yet who, in all the ordinary relations of life, was perfectly sane, as the poet Horace tells us :

*‘Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto  
More ; bonus sane vicinus, amabilis hospes.’*

Major Wharton and Mrs. Witham, seeing Kincraigie's excitement, felt much embarrassed, but thinking it best to let him expend his feelings in words, they remained silent. After a pause of a few seconds, and again sighing deeply, the laird said : ‘Weel, weel, I'll say nae mair ;’ but immediately, and as if on a second thought, he added, with his usual acuteness in most matters unconnected with his desire to die on the gibbet for the House of Stuart, ‘the

Elector is mighty cunning: he has ta'en a great number o' our fechtin' men oot o' the Hielands, and filled England wi' his sodgiers roy, to be ready to pounce doon on us at ony time. Mr. Hog tells me that the number o' sodgiers in England is greater than iver it has been afore, and that a' the retail wine-sellers hae to find 'em quarters, and that there is great grumbling ower the new house-tax and window-tax, whilk hae been imposed to raise money to pay the King o' Prussia and a' the ither German princes; and I opine——'

The clock now striking five, a neatly dressed maid-servant, wearing shoes and stockings, not only because it was Sunday, but because Mrs. Witham had stipulated with her servants that they should wear these articles of attire in ordinary, and therefore paid them the highest rate of wages—namely, from three to four pounds a year—entered the room with the tea-equipage, consisting of a very pretty set of Dresden china, with a flower or two painted

very near to nature in beauty and colour on a blue ground; and the fair widow politely invited the gentlemen to stay and drink a dish of tea with her.



## CHAPTER VIII.

### NEWLISTON.

‘I vow I never enjoyed anything more than this ride;’ so said Mrs. Witham as, in company with her daughter, and escorted by Major Wharton, Captain Edmondston, and young Lieutenant Hog, she rode slowly down the steep and somewhat winding path which led to Mr. Hog’s house; ‘but,’ added the lady, as she turned to the Captain, who was in close attendance upon her, ‘the wind is unpleasantly high; I dare say it has made my face look as blowsy as that of a milkmaid.’

‘It has made you ten times more bewitching than ever,’ replied Captain

Edmondston, with an air of gallantry, 'if I dare so speak of a face always fascinating.'

'Fie, fie, sir!' exclaimed Mrs. Witham, in a tone of affected reproach; 'I vow and protest you are a vile flatterer to speak so to a lady who hath a growing-up daughter. What wretches you men are! I trust Winnie did not hear you.'

'A sweet girl, a charming young creature! But she might be your twin sister,' murmured the Captain, as he cast an admiring glance on the fair widow.

Without flattery, Mrs. Witham scarce looked old enough to be the mother of the tall and elegant-looking girl who rode behind her. The exercise she had been taking on this fresh October morning had called a bloom to the widow's cheek, which increased her charms; and her riding-dress—a blue habit, trimmed with fine gold lace, and a small smartly cocked hat, with a feather in it—certainly became her very well. Her daughter, Winnie, was dressed like her; but the tall, slender young girl looked like Diana herself in a riding-habit;

and the pad she rode, which was a beautiful long-tailed chestnut, seemed proud of his burden, as he champed the bit and curvetted from side to side.

A small thin column of pale-blue smoke, ascending as if from a thick tuft of trees, bright with autumnal tints, at the bottom of the descent, gave notice of a habitation ; and the little party, now turning the corner of a hedged enclosure, came within sight of Mr. Roger Hog's house—a low stone mansion, having in front about an acre of open ground, of which the greatest part was laid out as a kitchen-garden, nursery, and shrubbery. A level grass plot surrounded the house, which was separated from the garden by a white-painted rail. The house itself was of one story, extending in a lengthened front, with two small wings, at either end of which a pear-tree was trained round the window. A large green-painted garden-chair was placed on either side of the roomy porch, into which the front door opened ; and here stood Mr. Hog himself, who commenced scolding the riders, half in

joke, half in earnest, for being late, and thereby causing an excellent dinner to be spoiled.

‘Egad,’ said Captain Edmondston in a low tone to Major Wharton, as they dismounted, ‘’twill be the first excellent dinner I have seen on his table since I have been in the house.’

‘Guid-day to ye, leddies and gentlemen,’ said a merry voice, as the laughing face of Kincairnie appeared over the shoulder of his friend and host. ‘Hech, sir, we hae gotten a braw company here the day—three o’ the bonniest leddies in Auld Reekie.’

‘Who is the third, Kincairnie?’ asked Captain Edmondston, as he gallantly assisted Mrs. Witham to dismount from her horse, whilst Lieutenant James Hog approached towards Winnie to render her the same service, bowing and smiling in the most polite and genteel manner, his little laced hat being tucked under his arm so as to exhibit his nice close-fitting white woollen bob-wig, the make of Monsieur la Papillote, merchant periwig-maker of

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London—that exquisite French artiste who fabricated such head-coverings for young gentlemen of distinction, when they mounted the coach-box or walked in dishabille in a morning.

‘Wha but Miss Mary Dundas,’ replied the laird. ‘And ’tis hard to say whilk o’ the three leddies will break the maist hearts. I maun confess I sudna like to hae the same office put upon me as was put on the Trojan Prince Paris, whilk was to gie the golden apple to the fairest o’ the three goddesses — Juno, Minerva, and Venus.’

‘I vow, Kincaigie, you are as base a flatterer as Captain Edmondston,’ said Mrs. Witham, tapping the laird’s hand with her riding-whip. ‘Oh la, how mighty odd!’ she instantly exclaimed, with a little scream. ‘Who ever have you on your stick? or to put the question as all your friends do—Wha hae ye up the day? What a vastly ugly face! I vow and protest ’tis some old man without any teeth, and his nose and chin meet.’



‘Why, mamma,’ said Winnie, who had been criticizing the carved head, with its cocked hat and full-bottomed wig, which the laird had fixed on the top of his stick, ‘I declare it is Dr. Glen, the rich doctor.’

‘Ay, ay, the rich doctor; ye are quite richt, Miss Winnie,’ replied the laird, with a chuckle; ‘it’s the rich doctor, wha, spite o’ his ill looks, is a great favourite wi’ the leddies—leastways, I wad say, wi’ the unmarried leddies.’

‘I say, our dinner will be completely spoilt an we stay talking here!’ exclaimed Mr. Hog, rather impatiently.

‘I protest ’tis a marvellous likeness of the old doctor, though I did not at first recognise it,’ said Mrs. Witham to Captain Edmondston as they walked across the hall, whose walls were hung with angling rods and fowling-pieces, the property of James Hog, whilst a weed-hook and a garden-rake in a corner told of the more quiet and profitable tastes and pursuits of his sire, the owner of the house.


‘And who is Miss Dundas?’ asked Captain Edmondston.

‘A young Edinburgh lady whom Miss Hog has invited to meet us,’ replied Mrs. Witham, with a little toss of her head. ‘Lor’, sir, some people think her very nice, and a charming young creature; but for my part, I protest that I think that she is only passably genteel, and mighty pert. She hath an awkward air, and her complexion is coarse and red. Heyday, I can understand now why the laird has put Dr. Glen up to-day. She professes to be a great admirer of the doctor’s skill and talents, but all the world knows that she is running after him. What a fusty old fellow it is! What a world we live in! I vow I marvel how she can behave in such a manner; but ’tis only his money she cares for. I vow he is old enough to be her grandfather.’

Just at this same moment, when Mrs. Witham was dissecting the qualities and conduct of Miss Dundas, her own was being dissected by that very young lady as she

stood with Miss Hog, a spinster lady of a certain age, at the window of a parlour overlooking the grounds in front of the house.

‘What do people see to admire in Mrs. Witham?’ said Miss Dundas, in a contemptuous tone; ‘with all her hair powder *à la Maréchale*, she is beginning to look quite old, though she will persist in dressing like her daughter. Did you observe the gold lace on her riding-habit? The fashion is quite against home-made lace now, and in favour of foreign; and you know, my dear Miss Hog, that a rich English lady, like Mrs. Witham, must be in the fashion. It is all Paris gold lace that she has, my dear; and she told me that more gold is put upon it than ours, and that that is the reason why the Paris lace keeps bright much longer than the London-made lace. The vain creature! And, my dear Miss Hog, when I was drinking a dish of tea with her last week, she showed me a new white damask sacque with silver lace on it, and she assured me that the lace



had come from Lyons, and that the Lyons silver was much purer than ours, and has a better colour and keeps it longer, and that the French have more skill in working it. The old frippery ! doesn't she like to see a flock of gay fine perukes hovering about her ! Do you see, my dear, how she flirts with that Captain Edmondston ? Of course, if he marries her, 'twill be only for her fortune. I vow and protest she might be his mother !

'She has been always too carnal-minded and fond of worldly vanities and pleasure,' observed Miss Hog, shaking her head very solemnly.

This respectable lady, it may be remarked, had latterly received, with much unction, the teaching of those two great English field-preachers Wesley and Whitefield, from whom she declared that she had imbibed more Divine inspiration, than from any other set of preachers ; in short, Miss Hog had become a Methodist devotee, and accordingly professed to have more religion, and a greater contempt of the world and

the world's ways, than any other sect. Such being her state of mind, she went on, as might be expected, to say in a very severe tone :

‘But, my dear Miss Dundas, I assure you that since this Captain Edmondston has been visiting us, this house has gone over to dissipation and worldliness. I am vastly afraid, too, that he hath imparted his extravagant tastes and habits to my nephew James, which will be a sharp thorn in the side of my brother, who, you know, is very careful of his substance.’

Careful indeed he was—so careful that he was just then trying to impress on his son and heir the urgent necessity there was that he, Lieutenant James Hog, should himself go to the stable and see that Bob, the groom, attended properly to his own horses, and did not waste the oats.

‘I go to the stable and look after your horses!’ exclaimed the exquisite young fop, in amazement.

‘Yes, sir, you go to the stable,’ replied the provoked father with a sneer, as he

mimicked his son's voice and bowed with mock politeness; 'I say many a better gentleman than you has gone into a stable to see his horse groomed and fed. Zounds! have not you and your friend just been riding my horses; and who so fit as you to look after them? I say that I would rather go myself, but you know I cannot, as dinner is ready and the company waiting.'

'But, honoured sir, it will be most ungentleel in me not to sit down to table with our guests,' retorted the son.

'Well, then, you can just slip out now and see if Bob has begun to rub my horses down; and, if he has, wet their lips with a little chilled water. I don't want them to be ill, and myself to have a farrier's bill. Major Wharton's man and Mrs. Witham's will look after their beasts.'

'Really, sir, I protest! We must not wait here; they are just taking dinner in,' remonstrated James Hog.

'Well, then, I say,' replied Mr. Hog, with a look of injured resignation, 'you can slip away from table after dinner, when the

dessert is served, and give the men a measure of oats for each beast. 'Twill do them good to rest a while before they are fed.'

'I vow, honoured father,' persisted James, 'that I cannot be so unpolite as to leave the table. Send the key of the corn-chest to Bob, and he will give the oats out.'

'I say that groom of Major Wharton's has "rogue" writ on his face,' said Mr. Hog, as he called one of the servants and told him to take the key of the chest to Bob in the stable; then, looking reproachfully at his son; he added, 'an that fine London groom of the Major's is to have free access to my corn-chest, there will be rare robbery and waste.'

So distressing was the idea of any waste of corn, that for some few minutes after he had sat down to table, it clouded Mr. Hog's brow, and rendered him insensible for a while to the pleasures of his mid-day meal. Having a good appetite, however, he overcame his chagrin, and attacked

sundry of the viands with a zest and relish certainly not shared in by Mrs. Witham and the military gentlemen, who, being accustomed to the more dainty and delicate fare met with on the tables of people of fashion, secretly denounced the dinner now placed before them as mean and coarse.

Now Mr. Hog knew quite as well as anyone what a good dinner should be, but he was much too niggardly to incur the cost of placing a really handsome repast before his friends ; but in order to throw some sort of veil over his stinginess, though he shrewdly suspected that it was rather too flimsy for them not to see through, he designated the various dishes with high-sounding names, to the inward amusement of the guests.

‘ Kincaigie, you do not do justice to that fine Bayonne ham that’s just before you ; ’tis of prime quality and flavour, and will give a delicate taste to the slice of turkey you are eating.’

‘ As our host should know,’ observed Captain Edmondston in an undertone to



the laird, by whose side he was seated, 'it hath all the look of a gammon of bacon, cut from the shoulder of some fat porker bred on the Newliston estate, unless, in his eyes, it hath been transformed by some malicious enchanter into a Bayonne ham, just as the coarse country wench was transformed, in the eyes of Don Quixote, into the peerless Donna Dulcinea del Toboso.'

'I vow and protest that I shall expire an you joke any more, Captain Edmondston,' murmured Mrs. Witham, who was seated on his right hand, and was trying to suppress her emotion as she spoke.

'It is unco tender,' observed Kincraigie, as he helped himself to a slice of the ham, 'but perhaps kept a wee bit ower lang. A Lucanian boar,' he added, with something like a wink, 'killed when the south wind was blowing, and consequently a wee touched, as we used to read in old Horace when I was at Marischal College. Ye will hae read about the supper o' Nasidienus in the auld poet's satires, Newliston?'

'Will you permit me to drink your health,

ma'am, in a glass of hermitage ?' asked Mr. Hog, not replying to the laird's sarcastic remark, if indeed he understood it, but looking in the direction of Mrs. Witham from his end of the table.

'Hermitage,' muttered Captain Edmondston ; 'sdeath, I never tasted anything so like elder-wine.'

'Tis anither transformation, perhaps,' said the laird sily ; 'but I'll help mysel' again to a slice o' Bayonne ham, for 'tis unco guid, wheresoe'er it came frae.'

'Dear madam, you eat nothing,' urged Captain Edmondston, in a tone of pathetic remonstrance, addressing Mrs. Witham ; 'shall I help you to a little of this loin of pork ?'

Mrs. Witham consented to take a small slice ; and indeed there was little variety in the way of meat beyond what was furnished by sundry portions of a pig, and a fat turkey, and a couple of guinea-fowls, from Mr. Hog's own poultry-yard.

'What do you think of this Parmesan cheese, Captain ?' asked Hog, with great

effrontery, considering that he knew Captain Edmondston to be a judge of all delicacies, and that the so-called Parmesan was, in truth, a common home-made cheese, the produce of his own dairy.

‘Parmesan is it, sir?’ responded Captain Edmondston, raising his eyebrows; ‘by my honour, there is something wrong with my taste to-day, for I could have sworn this cheese had been made much nearer home. My taste has also been confoundedly at fault with your hermitage; I was going to ask for a glass of claret to correct it.’

‘My claret is not good,’ replied Hog hastily; ‘you would not like it.’

‘Pray let me try it, my dear sir,’ urged Captain Edmondston, who had had a hint from graceless young James Hog that his father had some capital claret in his cellar; ‘my taste is so peculiar to-day that I may find very good what to you seems bad.’


Unable to resist his guest’s importunity, Mr. Hog, with but an ill grace, ordered his butler to bring up some claret.

The dessert, consisting of a few Indian

fruits, anana tarts, faded apples and pears, and a great parade of plate and Dresden china, was now served ; and Mr. Hog, in accordance with the fashion of the times, went through the ceremony not only of naming every individual sitting at the table, and drinking his or her health, but he also included in his good wishes their respective absent children, brothers, sisters, aunts, and cousins, down to the twentieth remove ; nor did he omit to couple with the name of each lady present all her best affections. Thus, although there were not more than ten persons in the company, the indefatigable master of the house must have drunk the healths, by name, of nearly a hundred different individuals. Each of the guests now followed the example of their host, and, having first drunk to his health and Miss Hog's, and then to the healths of each other, the ladies withdrew to tea and coffee, while the gentlemen sat down to drink Mr. Hog's cherished claret, which they unanimously voted to be superb.

After the ladies had retired other toasts were now rapidly drunk in succession, and among them the reigning beauties of the day were duly toasted ; and Miss Winnie Witham, being a young beauty making her *début*—or just coming out, as the term is—was pronounced by all the gentlemen to be one of the first toasts of Edinburgh and the shire. Even Mr. Hog himself, who, under the influence of his own good claret, had temporarily got over his chagrin at being forced to bring it out and see bottle after bottle disappear, now seemed as much disposed to enjoy it as the other gentlemen ; but at last, and while the gentlemen were still quite sober, Kincraigie, looking at Major Wharton, rose from his seat, and said :

‘The days are nae sae lang noo, Mr. Hog, and we maun nae let the leddies ride in the dark to the toon, so suppose we gang into the drawing-room to partake o’ their conversation and coffee. Captain Edmondston,’ he added, turning to that gentleman, ‘ I believe ye said that ye wad ride alang



wi' the leddies and Major Wharton and mysel'.

Mr. Hog, assenting to this proposal of the laird, now gave the usual closing toast, namely, the healths of the King and the Royal Family, which, as he gave it without specifying any names, he said that he trusted it would not be offensive to his friend Kincraigie, as he could drink it in his own fashion.

This the laird accordingly did, calling out as he drank off his bumper of claret :

‘ Here’s to the king, sir,  
Ye ken wha I mean, sir.’

And then, as the gentlemen were adjourning to the drawing-room, he sang in deep, melodious, but merry tones, a snatch of a Jacobite song :

‘ I ne’er could brook, I ne’er could brook  
A foreign loon to own or flatter ;  
But I will sing anither sang  
That day our king comes ower the water.’

But as he entered the drawing-room, he

sighed deeply, and, shaking his head, recited  
in a low and sorrowful voice :

‘ Oh, but ye’re lang o’ coming,  
Lang o’ coming, lang o’ coming,  
Oh, but ye’re lang o’ coming ;  
Welcome, Royal Charlie.’



## CHAPTER IX.

### ASKING ADVICE.

IN a small apartment, called the study, sat Mr. Hog, sorely troubled in mind, after a night's rest and cool reflection over the consumption of sundry bottles of his prime claret on the previous day, and the reckless waste of oats which he felt sure had taken place, since, after all the remonstrances made to his son and heir, the key of the corn-chest had been given to the thriftless Bob.

The study was a somewhat small apartment, containing a pianoforte, on which lay a violin and some old score music ; whilst at the farther end of the room, on a few shelves, were ranged a dozen or so of books of



husbandry and ornamental gardening; Pope, and some volumes of a few other English poets; Hutchinson's 'Moral Philosophy;' Horace, and a sprinkling of the Latin Classics—these books giving the room its distinctive name.

Opposite Mr. Hog sat his sister, who had just been discussing with him the subject of the mid-day meal, which it had been decided was to be furnished forth from the cold remains of the previous day's banquet, there being no company in the house. Miss Hog was still descanting on this topic, when she was drawn to the window by the sound of wheels without.

'Bless my heart, brother!' she exclaimed, whipping off in haste a large coarse apron, which she had worn whilst superintending certain domestic matters; 'here is Mrs. Witham getting out of her chaise! What shall I do if she should stay to dinner? I vow and protest there is no fresh meat in the house!'

'You must kill another guinea-fowl,' exclaimed Mr. Hog, with something like a

groan. 'I say, is that fellow Edmondston with her? He told me he was going to stay two or three days in Edinburgh, or more.'

'No ; she is quite alone.'

'Zounds ! so much the better ; but I say, in any case,' exclaimed Mr. Hog, with an air of grim determination, 'I would have had no more claret tapped.'

'I expect you are vastly surprised to see me again so soon,' said Mrs. Witham, as she entered the room, her face beaming with smiles, though there was some appearance of confusion and hurry in her manner.

'I say I am always glad to see you, madam,' said Mr. Hog, deviating slightly, perhaps, from the exact line of truth when he made this assertion, though in his next remark he was perfectly candid and sincere, 'as the daughter of my old friend, and the widow of a man than whom a better, I believe, never lived. I say nothing pleases me more than to be of use to you.'

Mrs. Witham coloured a little, and there was some increase of embarrassment in her

manner as she took the seat which Miss Hog had placed for her.

‘Your words are vastly encouraging, my dear sir,’ she faltered out ; ‘but, in truth, I have always had such mighty reliance on your tried friendship, that I have come to-day to ask your advice on a most important matter.’

‘I say,’ said Mr. Hog, with a slightly ironical smile, ‘I shall be glad to advise you ; but,’ he added, in a blunt and matter-of-fact manner, ‘an you be like most folk, my dear madam, you have made up your mind already what to do, and you will only follow my advice if it coincides with your own wishes.’

‘You are pleased to jest this morning, my dear sir,’ replied Mrs. Witham, a little tartly ; ‘but I am quite serious and in earnest, and I want to speak on a subject which nearly concerns my dear children.’

‘I say I do not wish to jest at all,’ said Mr. Hog, in a grave tone ; ‘so pray proceed.’

‘I will withdraw,’ exclaimed Miss Hog ;

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and as Mrs. Witham expressed no wish that she should remain, the poor lady, though burning with curiosity, was perforce compelled to carry out her own proposal. Strangely enough, however, when the interview was over, the sharp-witted, ingenious Miss Hog appeared to have as full a knowledge of its purport as if she had remained in the apartment, a phenomenon which we will not attempt to account for.

‘Poor Tony!’ exclaimed Mrs. Witham abruptly, so soon as the door had closed on Miss Hog.

‘I say, what’s amiss with Tony?’ exclaimed Mr. Hog, in a tone of genuine concern.

‘Have you not perceived, my dear sir, how delicate he hath become lately?’

‘Delicate! the devil!’ repeated Mr. Hog, with an air of amazement. Then indulging in a hearty laugh, he added, ‘Ads my life! Tony delicate! why, he is the picture of rude health and strength; you might as well, my dear madam, call our friend John Dhu, of the town guard, delicate.’

‘Then, dear boy, I vow and protest he is so headstrong—so wilful!’ murmured the widow, with a plaintive sigh; and forthwith dropping the matter of Tony’s feeble health as abruptly as she had introduced it, Mrs. Witham exclaimed, ‘Lack-a-day, I often fear how he may grow up! he vastly wants guidance.’

‘I have no fear of my friend Anthony Witham’s son going wrong,’ remarked Mr. Hog; ‘and I say that the lad is a good, honest, upright lad, too, as ever I knew.’

‘Pray, sir, do not mistake me,’ hastily interposed the widowed mother; ‘such faults as my dear Tony hath proceed only from thoughtlessness. But I was alluding to his future; ’tis the consideration of that that troubles me. You know that my poor boy is fatherless’—and here Mrs. Witham heaved a deep sigh.

‘Well, well, my dear madam, I know that; and I say many a boy has been left fatherless before yours, and has done right well nevertheless.’

‘Then there is poor Winnie.’

‘I say, is Winnie delicate too?’ asked Hog; ‘but,’ he added, looking rather grave, ‘I certainly have myself perceived that she hath lacked good spirits and colour lately. Is she in love?’

‘La, Mr. Hog, how mighty odd you talk! She is a mere child! What could make you dream of such a thing? No; she suffers from those nasty vapours—she requires more society, more excitement, more gaiety than I can give her in my lonely widowed state.’

Mr. Hog gave a slight start, compressed his lips, and gazed fixedly at Mrs. Witham without speaking.

‘But it is on Tony’s account that I feel the most distress,’ continued the widow; ‘he sadly wants the aid of some older friend and counsellor to guide and direct him.’ Then, after a momentary pause, she added, ‘The dear lad seems to have taken vastly to Captain Edmondston.’

‘I am mighty sorry for it—zounds I am!’ replied Hog sharply.

‘I vow, I protest, my dear sir, you

surprise me vastly ; but I know you do not love Captain Edmondston.'

'No, ma'am, I do not,' replied Mr. Hog, with admirable frankness ; 'and if he is to be Tony's guide and counsellor, why, I say the devil would be as good an one.'

'La, my dear sir, how you shock me ! I vow you are vastly uncharitable.'

'And I say, Mary,' continued Mr. Hog, calling the lady by her Christian name, which he only did on rare occasions, and speaking in a rapid and excited manner, 'you are going to do what you will rue to the last moment of your life. I say, do not beat about the bush any more ; you are going to marry Captain Edmondston ; this was what you wanted to ask my advice about. Well, I say emphatically, don't do so ; but there, I know you have made up your mind already to have the man.'

'Lack-a-day, you always disliked him,' sobbed Mrs. Witham.

'Yes, by my faith, I always did dislike him,' replied Hog fiercely ; 'and now I shall dislike him ten times more.'

‘You are mighty cruel, Mr. Hog. I vow I could not have thought you had half so much barbarity. For years I have borne my lonely state, and would have borne it to the end had it not been for the sake of my darling children ; but I feel sure that they would rejoice did they know what I was thinking of.’

‘Faith, I am not at all so sure of that,’ replied Mr. Hog, taking a huge pinch of snuff. ‘Adad, I have had many a surprise in my life, but nothing to come up to this.’

‘Heyday, Mr. Hog ! I don’t know why it should be such a surprise,’ replied Mrs. Witham, drying her tears, and speaking with some asperity ; ‘but then, of course, you do not know what my difficulties have been. So soon as I lost my dear Anthony, I vow and protest that I was besieged on every side. I have rejected the addresses of as many as thirteen admirers during my widowhood.’

‘’Twas a good job you did so, for thirteen is an unlucky number,’ observed Mr. Hog, with a grim smile ; ‘but what inclined you



at the last, ma'am, to listen to the importunities of the fourteenth ?'

'The welfare of my children, as I have told you ; and, I might also say, the dying wish of my dear departed husband.'

'What ! whew !' he whistled, with a wide stare, quite forgetting all politeness in his unqualified amazement at the little widow's last statement.

'My dearest Anthony spoke thus to me on his death-bed,' continued Mrs. Witham, in a very calm and emphatic tone, 'and these were his words: "I know you will miss me very much, Mary, and I know how lonely you will be ; I should feel happier if I could think that by-and-by some one will fill my place."'

'He never did,' retorted Mr. Hog, with a laugh which sounded quite hideous.

'Sir, would you insult me ?' exclaimed Mrs. Witham, half rising from her seat ; 'would you accuse me of falsehood ?'

'No—pardon me, ma'am—no ; but I say you have made some mistake.'

'Certainly not.'

‘I say, then, you have dreamt it,’ replied Mr. Hog, shrugging his shoulders. ‘However, let it pass. I have known you, Mary, from your very babyhood, and I’ll not quarrel with you now. Have you fixed the day?’ he asked abruptly.

‘We thought of the 20th of next month,’ replied the widow, simpering and looking down, for Mr. Hog’s abruptness had so thrown her off her guard, that she forgot that she had prefaced her interview by telling him that she had come only to ask his advice. Her old friend, however, had a more retentive memory.

‘Vastly good,’ he chuckled; ‘so you fixed the day first, and then came to me to ask my advice whether you should marry the gentleman or not.’

Mrs. Witham was too confused to answer this banter, and Mr. Hog himself resumed the conversation, speaking now in graver tones.

‘I shall say nothing more, Mary, to dissuade you from a marriage which I see is now resolved on; but one thing I do most

strongly urge and would impress upon you, and that is the necessity of having a settlement made, so that Captain Edmondston may not have it in his power to squander your money.'

'Not for worlds, my dear sir. La, I vow and protest I couldn't do so ungenerous a thing! It would be so mean, and would cast such a doubt on his honour, and he is the soul of honour and exalted feeling. He said to me in his free, generous way, "D—— the money! I would take you, my angel, without a penny." Those were his exact words.'

'I' faith, they all say that,' replied Mr. Hog, with a bitter laugh; 'that is to say, when they know perfectly well there is plenty of money for 'em, then they can affect to be mighty disinterested, especially if they think there is little chance of being taken at their word.'

'How mighty prejudiced you are!' sighed Mrs. Witham, again shedding a few tears; 'but if you do not believe in Captain Edmondston's generosity, I do. He is

above suspicion, and I vow I would trust my all with him freely and unreservedly.'


'Does Captain Edmondston know what your fortune is?' asked Mr. Hog, looking fixedly at the lady.

She hesitated, and then stammered :

'La, Mr. Hog—I vow, I protest, sir—I am quite nervous—it came out quite by accident—I believe——'

'I' faith, I thought as much,' responded Mr. Hog drily. 'Twenty thousand pounds and more is a mighty pretty fortune ; and as I have invested it so as to bring you an income of better than a thousand a year, I'll warrant that the gallant Captain swears you are a charming lady. Now I say, Mary,' continued Mr. Hog, with a solemnity of tone and manner which both awed and impressed his fair auditor, 'I cannot prevent you doing as you please with the income of your fortune during your life ; but as I am the surviving trustee under your father's will, I will take care that the principal shall remain safe for your children after your death. And I say, Mary, the day may come,

perhaps, when you will yourself be glad  
that the future of your offspring was in the  
hands of your rude, rough-spoken old friend,  
Roger Hog.'





## CHAPTER X.

### THE 'GILL BELLS.'

ACCORDINGLY on the 20th of November, the day she had specified to Mr. Hog, Mrs. Witham entered upon the matrimonial state for the second time ; and if the courtship had been short and precipitate, the movements of the bride and bridegroom after the happy day were equally so.

Before December had well set in, the flat in James's Square, so long tenanted by the Withams, was vacant ; for Captain and Mrs. Edmondston had both agreed that as Winnie was now grown up, her future must be considered, and that in London only was there to be met genteel and polite society. Not that they, Captain and Mrs.

Edmondston, at their time of life, cared for such matters—oh no ! but Winnie and the two other girls must, in due course of time, be introduced into society. This would be only justice to them : so to London all the family went.

Their departure was regretted by many of their acquaintance in the Scotch metropolis : the laird regretted it in his own way, for whenever their names were mentioned he would sing in a very sarcastic tone :

‘ Happy is the wooing  
That is not long a dooing ;’

but no one felt their loss more acutely than Charlie Macdonald. The young man was scarcely aware, till this blow had fallen upon him, how strong was his love for Winnie Witham ; it was, in truth, so deeply rooted in his heart that life seemed a blank to him, now that he was, as he feared, parted from her for ever. Young Lieutenant Hog, too, had gone with the newly married pair to London, and jealousy was mingled with the pang of separation, when

Charlie thought what opportunities his rival would have of urging his suit ; whilst to add another drop to the already overflowing cup of bitterness, he had not only lost his first and cherished love, but he had also lost his dearest friend. Brothers in heart and soul, Tony and himself were bound together by ties of the strongest affection, and it was hard to say who of the two suffered the most when the hour of parting came. The young Westmoreland squire, however, solaced himself with the thought of future happy days now not far distant, when he should enter into possession of his paternal estate, and summon his best-loved friend to enjoy the hospitalities of Birkswick ; but to Charlie Macdonald the gloom of the present was so dark and lowering, that he could discern no gleam as yet of a brighter future.

It was now nearly mid-day, and old St. Giles's bells, or the 'Gill bells,' as the citizens styled them, had been playing a merry Scotch air for the last half-hour, and every respectable inhabitant of Auld




Reekie had repaired, or was repairing, to his accustomed tavern to take a whetting dram, or drink his 'twall hour,' as the sober folks of the last century named that morning draught, over which lawyers consulted with their clients, merchants and traders struck their bargains, and men of all degrees listened to the news and gossip of the day.

In accordance with the habits of the sober folks we have just alluded to, Kincaigie was proceeding towards some favoured tavern, and Charlie Macdonald was on his way from Colquhoun Grant's chambers in Gavinloch's Land—not to a tavern, but to the widow Gillespie's abode on the Castle Hill.

The laird and Charlie met in the High Street, and both stopped to salute each other; but the countenance of the young man wore so troubled and haggard an expression, as to attract the notice and sympathy of the kind-hearted laird.

'Charlie, my man, hae ye nae gotten ower the loss o' your freend yet?' he said, as he linked his arm in young Macdonald's



to take him along with him. 'You maun cheer up, laddie; time flies quick, and 'tis verra probable that Madam Edmondston will tire by-and-by o' a' the racket o' Lunnon, and will be glad to come back to Auld Reekie again; and remember, Charlie,' he added, in a graver tone, ''tis not as though death had parted you frae Tony Witham. Ye hae heard me speak o' a freend, ane that was as dear to me as your freend is to you, and sae ye can ken weel hoo great was my grief when the grave parted us; but I opine,' added the laird abruptly, looking at the same time curiously at Charlie, ''tis nae for Tony alane that ye greet.'

The young man looked down in some confusion, and muttered something about the pleasant hours he had spent with the whole family.

'And wi' Miss Winnie Witham in particular,' interposed the laird silyly. 'Aweel, Charlie, ye maun be spunkie and keep up your speerits; the lassie will nae forget ye, not even in the gay world of

Lunnon. And ye maun work hard at the law, and seeing that Miss Winnie is but young yet, ye will hae time eneuch to lay the foundations o' a guid fortune, whilk may put you in a position to pay your addresses to her ; but I am an auld sumph to talk o' sic things, me that never fashed mysel' anent woman's love.'

'Never, sir !' exclaimed Charlie, in a tone of surprise mingled with pity, for love judged by his standard, and measured by his feelings for Winnie Witham, seemed so sublime and heaven-born that he pitied those who had never felt its bewitching power.

'No, never, Charlie. Ever sin' I was quite a youth I hae had mair serious things to think of,' replied the laird very gravely, 'though,' he added, with some complacency, 'I will nae deny that some of the leddies, puir things, hae regarded me wi' sentiments a wee bit tender, whilk it was impossible not to perceive.'

This last remark so amused young Macdonald and raised his spirits, that he cheer-

fully accepted the laird's invitation to dine with him at John's Coffee House in Parliament Close, so soon as he should have finished the business he had on hand.

'As you are to be a writer, Charlie, we'll drink our twall hour at John's Tavern, where ye ken a' the lawyers and their clients gang,' said the laird, in allusion to the mid-day glass of whisky which, as we have just said, all classes took at that time. 'But first, I maun step into Coutts's Bank, in Parliament Close, to draw some siller oot; and I'll introduce ye to Mr. William Forbes, a young gentleman wha is a clerk there: he is a nephew o' the gallant auld Lord Pitsligo, wha was oot in '15 and again in '45.'

The mention of the name of his former companion-in-arms brought to Kincairgie's mind the remembrance of his own adventures in the cause of Prince Charles, and his still not forgotten, and it might be said, cherished wish, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered for his legitimate sovereign. Ruminating on this subject, he began to

say, more as soliloquizing with himself than as addressing his companion :

‘ Puir auld nobleman ! he heeded a body o’ cavalry, a’ gentlemen, for the Prince, and was wi’ him on Culloden Moor till the battle was ower, and after that fatal day he found shelter, disguised as a beggar, amang his ain faithfu’ peasantry, and hid himsel’ in woods and caves, as I was fain to do. But his danger was greater than mine, and he sic an auld man—for he was ower sixty—for there was a price set on his head, and the usurper’s sodgers were unco desirous o’ takin’ him, whilk they wad ance hae dune but for the special interference o’ the Almighty ;’ and here the laird piously raised his bonnet from his head.

‘ Sir, you have never told me this story,’ interposed Charles, whose heart was always stirred and his interest excited by the laird’s recitals of the hair-breadth escapes and dangers of the Prince’s adherents.

‘ Hae I not ? ’ replied Kincraigie, in some surprise. ‘ Aweel, ’twas a marvellous adventure. Pitsligo was hidin’ in the hoose o’

his son-in-law, Ogilvy o' Auchiries, when ane nicht, a leddy, wha was stayin' there, dreamed a strange dream. She dreamt that she saw the hoose surrounded on a' sides by sodgers, and the dream made sic an impression on her, that she couldna compose hersel' to sleep again wi'out getting up and looking oot o' the window, so that she might be sure 'twas only a dream. And noo, Charlie, comes the miraculous part o' this adventure, whilk marks the dream as being quite supernatural. The hoose was really surrounded by sodgers, and she could see them in the dim light, for morning had but just dawned, movin' to and fro round the hoose. Aweel, she was awfu' scared, but she roused the family at ance ; and the puir auld lord was gotten up and hidden behind a wainscot, before which stood a bed occupied by anither leddy, wha was on a visit in the hoose.

'Poor old lord ! What a dreadful peril' exclaimed Charlie.

'Then the sodgers were admitted,' continued the laird, with a chuckle, 'and rare

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rummage they made ! They searched from cellar to garret, of coorse, not omitting the chamber where Pitsligo was concealed. The leddy was in bed, but Auld Clootie's imp, I mean the auld usurper's officer, wha was in command of the sodgers, wad search the room a' the same—ay, and the leddy's bed too, the scoundrel ! I'faith, he never suspected the puir auld man whom he sought stood within a few paces o' him. The villain then felt the leddy's chin for a beard, thinking that mayhap 'twas Pitsligo in a leddy's night-dress.'

'And he escaped !' ejaculated Charlie, almost with a gasp, for he had been listening breathless with excitement.

'Ay, he escaped,' replied the laird ; 'but gin they had ta'en him, that wad hae been but a puir prize for the bluidthirsty usurper, for an infirm auld man like Pitsligo couldna do mickle harm. It's unco strange noo that they wadna tak' and execute a man like me, wha is in the prime o' life,' remarked the laird, in a meditative tone. 'I am a sworn enemy o' the Hanoverians,

and they ken it ; and they ken, too, that I wad fecht again for the Prince gin I sud ever hae the opportunity. Weel, weel, it's unco strange, and I canna account for it ; but, as I said, the auld lord escaped, and is living noo, and has been biding for the last twa years at Auchiries under the name o' Brown, and aiblins the usurper will let him dee in peace, seeing that he has confiscated a' his estates.'

Kincraigie and his young companion had now entered the Parliament Close, and the former, as was his invariable habit when in that locality, halted for a few moments to survey the old Parliament House, where the national legislature, the Scottish estates, had been wont to assemble before the union with England ; and then in a loud voice gave vent to his feelings.

'Curses on the union and the English bribes !' cried out the laird, while Charlie, who had been used to these expressions of his friend, stood silent by his side. 'D—— Lord Chancellor Seafield ! he is wi' Auld Cloutie noo, and he can sing in his lugs his



wicked words, "*there's an end o' an auld sang.*" Puir Scotland, she is noo a degraded province o' her auld southern enemy. Confusion to the German Usurper! Gin we get oor ain legitimate Scottish kings again, we shall see the Parliament o' Scotland, ance mair, in the auld Parliament Hall.'

While thus exclaiming, the Honourable Henry Erskine, in his legal robes, emerged from John's Tavern, where he and a client had been consulting together and imbibing their twall hour's whet, and confronting the laird, turned the current of his thoughts.

'Weel, laird, wha hae ye up the day?' asked the lawyer, as he gazed at the carved head stuck on the stick of the former; but knowing how constantly Kin-craigie was in the habit of visiting the hall, the lawyer, without waiting for the laird's reply, went on to say, 'I am just going into court; you had better come in and see what is going on.'

'I suld be verra glad,' replied the daft laird, 'gin I hadna some business to do at

Coutts's; but I'll tell ye what, Henry,' he added, poking the already distinguished lawyer in the ribs, and pointing to the statue of Justice, which was one of the statues placed over the old porch of the Parliament House, 'tak' in Justice wi' ye, for she has stood lang i' the outside, and it wad be a treat for her to see the inside, like other strangers.'

Chuckling at his own joke, the laird now stepped into Coutts's Bank; and having accomplished his business there, turned his steps, in company with Charlie, to John's Tavern. Arrived there, they encountered in the passage the head-waiter, one Davie MacLean, a special favourite of the laird's. Something had evidently excited the risible faculties of the waiter, for his face was convulsed with mirth, and his inward merriment was so great, that for a few moments he could not answer some inquiries made by Kincraigie.

'What the deil gars you laugh i' this fashion? Ye'll choke, ye sumph!'

'The Lord be guid unto us!' ejaculated

Davie at length, wiping the tears from his eyes as he spoke. 'Hech, sirs! my sides fair ache wi' laughing; but gin ye wad come here, sir, at twa o'clock, I'se warrant ye wad laugh as heartily as mysel'. I could tell ye a secret about them twa failosophers, as they are ca'ed, Dr. Black and Dr. Hutton—the puir gentlemen!'

'Aweel, Davie, I'll come at twa o'clock,' said the laird; 'and I'll dine here wi' my young freend. I' faith, this secret maun be something verra amusing, and I wadna hae ye keep it a' to yoursel'.'



## CHAPTER XI.

### THE TWA FAILOSOPHERS.\*

PUNCTUALLY at two o'clock, the laird presented himself with Charlie at John's Tavern, where they found Davie MacLean awaiting them at the entrance.

'I feared ye wad be owerlate, sir, and that ye might miss the beginning of the play,' exclaimed the waiter, leading the way, as he spoke, towards the staircase. 'Please to walk up; the twa failosophers are just sitting doon to dinner.'

'Aweel, man, is that your grand secret?' exclaimed Kincraigie, with some contempt, as he followed his guide upstairs.

'Nae, nae, sir,' replied MacLean, with a

\* Kay's 'Portraits and Biographies.'

chuckle ; ‘bide a wee. But dinna speak loud, sir, for they can hear every word we say, just as weel as we can hear them.’

The two gentlemen and the waiter had now reached a small landing-place, somewhat dark, for the only light was a borrowed one, coming from a small window placed pretty high up in the wall beside the door of a room. Under this window MacLean had placed a stool, which he asked the laird to mount, so that he might look into the apartment. Somewhat surprised at this request, but prompted by curiosity, Kincraigie mounted the stool ; and Charlie, finding that there would be space enough for him too, if he stood on one leg, also scrambled up.

At a table in the centre of the room sat the two philosophers, who had not as yet, as it appeared, commenced partaking of their dinner ; for their plates were empty, and the contents of the one solitary dish between them were undisturbed.

‘Davie,’ whispered the laird, from his perch, ‘ye hae prepared a puir entertain-

ment for the gentlemen—an dish for the twa.'

'Ay, but the quality o' it, sir,' replied the waiter, striking his nose with his forefinger, and speaking also in a whisper.

At this moment, the sound of a spoon introduced into a dish attracted the laird's attention again to the two philosophers.

Dr. James Hutton, an ingenious physician, remarkable for the unaffected simplicity of his manner—in person, a thin, delicate-looking young man, with a Roman nose, and wearing his own hair, which inclined already to baldness—was surveying in a steadfast, but very contemplative manner, the dish into which he had stuck the spoon.

'It is a vulgar prejudice, Black,' he said, speaking with a Scotch accent, and as though in answer to some previous remark made by his friend, Joseph Black, whom we have before met at Kinraigie's farewell banquet at the Tolbooth, and who had lately been duly capped and gowned as a Doctor of Medicine; 'and I affirm that it

is only another instance of the absurdity of many generally received opinions, especially in regard to diet.'

'Decidedly,' replied Dr. Black; 'and it shows, moreover, such foolish inconsistency to abstain from feeding on the testaceous creatures of the land, whilst those of the sea are considered to be delicacies.'

'What the deil hae they gotten in that dish?' asked the laird, with an expression on his face as though some sudden and disagreeable suspicion had dawned upon him.

'Snails, sir,' whispered MacLean, grinning from ear to ear; 'and they was minded to ask your ain sel' to dine wi' 'em, for Dr. Hutton said he was quite sure, if they didna warn ye as to what your entertainment was, ye wad partake o' it heartily and enjoy it.'

'The dirty beasts!' exclaimed Kincraigie, nearly imperilling his footing on the stool in his indignation, whilst the waiter himself, almost choking with suppressed laughter, stretched out one hand to steady

him, and put the finger of the other to his lips to enjoin silence. 'I swear,' continued the incensed laird, 'I wad ne'er hae forge'en them an they had pisend my stomach wi' siccan a mess ! Hech, sirs, what vivers for Christian men !'

'Hush, sir,' whispered Charlie, who also was half choked with suppressed laughter ; 'they are expatiating on the merits of snails as an article of diet.'

'But they are no in mickle haste to begin their unchristian banquet,' grunted Kincraigie, who, however, spite of his anger at the thought that the philosophic doctors should have dared to contemplate introducing surreptitiously a mess of snails into his stomach, could not forbear laughing at the sage and ingenious remarks of the two friends. 'Hush !' whispered the laird, putting his finger to his lips ; 'let us hear what they have got to say.'

'Why not use snails as articles of food ?' said Dr. Hutton, transferring, as he spoke, a portion of the testaceous creatures to his friend's plate ; 'I maintain they are well



known to be nutritious and wholesome, even sanative in some cases.'

'Ay, indeed; why not?' replied Dr. Black, receiving the plate from his friend's hands, but showing no immediate inclination to begin tasting the nutritious, wholesome, and even sanative food. 'When I lived in France, sir,' continued Dr. Black, 'the consumption of snails was very great, particularly in the departments of Charente Inférieure, and Gironde, and in the Island of Rhé. The French, sir, export large quantities of snails in barrels to the Antilles; and at Marseilles the commerce in these animals is very considerable.'\*

'Yes, sir,' replied Dr. Hutton; 'and I am informed that in Spain, Italy, Turkey, and the Levant, the use of snails as food is quite common;' and here the speaker helped himself to a spoonful, not a very large one, however, of the smoking mess.

'The annual export of snails from Ulm, by the Danube, for the purpose of being used as food in the season of Lent,' resumed

\* Brewster's 'Journal of Science,' vol. v. p. 188.

Dr. Black, 'by the convents in Austria, amounts, I am told, to ten millions of these testaceous creatures; they are fattened in the gardens of the convents.'

'I'll swear it makes me amaist seik to hear 'em taukin',' whispered the laird.

'If the two philosophers were Catholics, I should say, to judge from their faces, that this dish of testaceous animals is a dish of penance for them,' remarked Charlie.

'Hist, lad! they are taukin' again; let's hear,' whispered the laird.

'We read that the epicures in ancient times,' said Dr. Hutton, 'esteemed as a most delicious treat the snails fed in the marble quarries of Lucca.'

'Aweel, this braw dish o' theirs will be getting quite cauld,' whispered the laird, 'gin they gang on appealing in sic a fashion frae ane to t' ither instead o' eating.'

'I wish they would begin to eat,' whispered Charlie.

'I consider,' continued Dr. Black, 'that our countrymen are acting in a most blind and prejudiced manner in rejecting so

wholesome an article of food as the land testaceous animals. It would be well, sir, if they could be compelled by law to eat the land *testacea*, for snails abound everywhere, and would constitute a very cheap article of food.'

'I quite agree with you, doctor ; it would be well if sic a law was made,' replied Dr. Hutton very solemnly, as he took an infinitesimal piece of snail on the point of his fork, and surveyed it in silence for a minute or two.

'Did ye ever see twa sic dirty deevils !' whispered the laird, in righteous indignation. 'They wad pisen us a' ! That's what they ca' failosophy ! But let's hear what mair they have got to say.'

'It is only in Britain,' remarked Dr. Black, 'that the Roman conquerors have failed to leave a taste for a luxury that was so much used by the higher classes in Rome. It would be very desirable, for the sake of saving the produce of our gardens, that some of the leaders of fashion in eating would introduce them at table ; for, of

course, we can never expect a compulsory law on the subject. Such a fashion, if it prevailed, would be an effectual method of keeping the number of our native snails in due bounds.'

'But, Charlie,' whispered the laird, 'the dish disna seem to excite the appetite o' the twa failosophers.'

'By their looks, sir, I should judge that it acted in a diametrically opposite manner,' replied Charlie, who was watching the two doctors very minutely. 'Theory is one thing, sir, and practice another.'

'You are richt, lad; and, gin ane may judge by their queer faces, neither o' them has mickle inclination to partake o' this savoury dish, and I'll swear neither o' them likes to be the first to confess his disgust o' 't to t'ither. The puir daft coofs! Then that's what they ca' failosophy.'

The laird was evidently right in his supposition, for each of the philosophic doctors considered his own symptoms of internal revolt as a weakness quite peculiar to himself, and which he was unwilling to

confess to his friend ; consequently they began to do violence to their natural feelings, and swallow infinitesimal particles of the testaceous animals, which they had so highly lauded as articles of diet, and which they thought that their blind and prejudiced fellow-countrymen should even be compelled by law to eat.

‘Puir daft bodies!’ ejaculated Kincraigie ; ‘Dr. Hutton will be dune for gin he swallows anither morsel ! His face is getting deadly white.’

At this moment Dr. Black, laying down his knife and fork, summoned fortitude to break the ice, but very delicately, and as though only to sound the opinion of his friend.

‘Doctor,’ he said, in his usual precise and quiet manner, ‘do you not think that they taste a little—very little—queer ?’

‘Queer!’ shouted Dr. Hutton, in terms very energetic, if not very philosophic, as he started up from the table, with a face perfectly livid, for the catastrophe which the laird had foreseen had now befallen

him—‘queer! d—— queer indeed! Tak’ them awa’—tak’ them awa’!’

And forthwith the philosopher rushed to the window, and, throwing it wide open, gave full vent to his long-pent-up feelings of abhorrence, whilst peals of laughter were heard from the landing-place, followed by a crash as of something heavy falling. The legs of the stool on which the laird and Charlie were standing had given way under their weight, and both of them were precipitated on to the floor. The next moment Davie MacLean entered the room, making a bow, a look of irrepressible mirth overspreading his whole countenance.

‘I thocht ye was callin’, sir,’ he said, addressing Dr. Black, who still retained his seat at the table. ‘Hech, sir, but I hope,’ he added, in a tone of respectful consideration, and glancing out of the corner of his eye at Dr. Hutton, ‘that the gentleman there isna ill.’

‘He is a little indisposed,’ replied Dr. Black very sedately.

‘Hech, sir, I feared hoo it wad be when

he wad eat snails like a French mounseer, wha kens nae better.'

'Snails are good enough articles of food, Davie,' replied Dr. Black, in a rather severe tone, for not having suffered like his friend, he was still able to hold his ground; 'but 'twas your bad cookery that caused them to disagree with Dr. Hutton.'

Another laugh from the passage at this moment attracted Dr. Black's notice.

'Who is that laughing?' asked the doctor, with some indignation in his tone.

The answer was given by the laird himself, who now appeared at the doorway with Charlie in his rear.

'Aweel, gentlemen,' he said, with a twinkle in his eye, as Dr. Hutton walked towards him from the window, with his face still overspread with a visible pallor, ''twas verra unhospitable o' ye to convene a banquet sic as this, and then sit doon to it and no invite any o' your freends.'

'Ye may tak' my place, Kincraigie, an ye will,' replied Dr. Hutton, with a feeble attempt at a smile; 'but as for me,

naething on earth should induce me to take another morsel.'

'Really, I do not find snails so very bad eating,' said Dr. Black, determined, in theory at least, to adhere to his preconceived philosophical opinions.

'Aiblins, sir, ye wad like me to leave 'em for ye,' suggested the waiter, with a bow.

'I have had sufficient,' replied Dr. Black, with a wave of his hand; 'and besides, I would not wish to have any dish on the table which might be offensive to my friend. So, Davie, you may take the snails away and do what you like with them.'

'I'll put 'em straight away into the cinder-tub wi' the other hoose-garbage,' replied Davie, elevating his nose in the air. Then he added, addressing the laird, 'Your dinner will be ready to serve up noo, sir.'

'Gentlemen, I expect you will do me the pleasure o' dining wi' me,' said Kin-craigie, addressing the two philosophers; 'but I maun thank ye, for I understand



frae Davie that you had thocht to invite me to this snail feast, which was unco kind on your part ; but at the same time I maun say that whenever I do dine wi' ye or any other failosopher, I shall make inquiry as to the nature o' the dishes before I taste 'em, for ye ken I am ane o' the blind and prejudiced, as ye ca' us ordinary folks.'

'We thought that we should be introducing a delicacy to your palate,' remarked Dr. Black, in a mildly apologetic tone.

'The deil ye did!' replied the laird ; 'but come, gentlemen, we'll gang doonstairs and see if we can get a guid dinner.'

'Doubtless they will give us a good dinner in John's Tavern,' replied Dr. Black ; 'but not better than you gave us in the Tolbooth.'

And the dinner was pronounced good—so good, indeed, that the gentlemen lingered long over it, and agreed to remain for the rest of the day at the coffee-house and enjoy John's good claret ; and it was not till the hour of ten that the merry little party broke up, the laird saying, as the

sound of a drum was heard in the street:

‘ ’Tis time for sober folk to ca’ for their bill, when the drum gangs round.’



## CHAPTER XII.

### THE CHARMING HONEYMOON.

NOT many months after the marriage of Mrs. Witham, Dr. Glen, at the discreet age of seventy, took to wife the young and beautiful Miss Dundas, whose acquaintance we made at Newliston. The doctor occupied a flat in a house in the then fashionable Nether Bow, and here, on the evening of an April day, and about a week after her marriage, sat the bride in company with her friend Miss Hog.

Mrs. Glen was very elegantly attired, but her looks betrayed little of the new-born happiness one might have expected to see on the face of the bride of only a few short days; on the contrary, a frown contracted

her fair forehead, and her countenance expressed manifest displeasure. Miss Hog sat opposite to her young friend, listening, with an air of sympathy, to what she was saying, and at the same time casting furtive glances of admiration, and perhaps of envy, on her dress.

Never before, probably, had so fashionable a dame as the worthy doctor's wife been seated in his chambers, and the richness of her attire made the sordid appointments of the room more strongly conspicuous.

The wavy ringlets of her shining hair flowed unpowdered upon her shoulders, her head-dress being a Brussels lace mob, adorned with a sky-blue ribbon. A white embroidered handkerchief veiled her bosom, and her gown was a pale, rose-coloured padusoy, with cuffs and robings curiously embroidered in a running pattern of violets and their leaves. Diamond snaps sparkled in her ears; her ruffles were of the same costly lace as her mob; her apron was a dainty little affair of flowered lawn; while the tiny foot, peeping out from under her

dress, was cased in a shoe of blue satin, braided with the same, and adorned with a sparkling buckle.

Mrs. Glen appeared pretty well to sustain all the conversation herself, her discourse being plentifully besprinkled with the words *I said* and *he said*, whilst Miss Hog uttered a chorus of interjections, delivered with emphatic lifting up of hands and raising of eyebrows.

‘I said to him,’ exclaimed the bride, tapping the ground wrathfully with her foot as she spoke, “Do you dare, sir, to insinuate that I should wear a country-wench’s homespun gown?” And thereupon he said, with the greatest effrontery: “Indeed, ma’am, I think ’twould look vastly better in my humble chambers than the frippery of a fashionable lady.” “Oh la, I protest! your servant, sir,” says I; “but if you think I married you to wear homespun, you are mightily mistaken.” And then the wretch had the assurance to say that his first wife scarce ever wore anything but sad-coloured stuff. “More fool she, then,”

says I; "but I vow I shall dress as becomes my station."'

'Very properly answered, my dear,' observed Miss Hog, 'and I am glad you have a spirit of your own. To speak thus to a young creature of good understanding like you! What wretches these men are! I vow and protest that I hate them perfectly!' But it must be remembered that the lady making this last remark was a spinster of a certain age.

'Yes, my dear Miss Hog, and I said, moreover, "Dr. Glen, I shall have these rooms furnished in a suitable manner."' "Indeed, ma'am," says he, "and pray, let me ask what is amiss with 'em?" "I vow, sir," I said, "this is a downright insult—vastly fine, indeed,—and so you would have me sit in a room with such beggarly appointments as these?" Alack, Miss Hog, I am a poor unhappy creature!'

And here Mrs. Glen paused to take breath, and gazed in scorn upon her surroundings, which were, in truth, shabby enough. The old Turkey carpet was

frayed and worn, and its colours had long ago departed. The needlework had disappeared in many places from the cushions of the high-backed chairs; the window hangings of red saye were faded and dilapidated, and much of the furniture was in a rickety state.

“ ‘I shall have,’ said I to him,’ resumed Mrs. Glen, “a parlour fit to see company in, and a Dresden china tea-service; the chairs and couches must be carved and gilt, and covered with damask.” “Mighty pretty, truly,” says he. “Wouldn’t you like velvet, ma’am?” “No, sir,” says I, “I shall have what is proper, and no more. I shall have only a little square Turkey carpet under the table, and the boards must be rubbed and waxed smooth——” And then the wretch interrupted me, and said, with a detestable chuckle: “And made so slippery, my dear, that the old man may tumble down and break his neck, and leave a pretty young widow with a good fortune.”’

‘Oh, the impudence of the wretch!

Poor soul, how I pity you !' exclaimed Miss Hog.

' Yes, and then he asked who was to rub and polish this fine floor, and if I thought old Barbara could do it. "Oh, sir," said I, " I shall have new maids as well as new furniture." " Your servant, ma'am," says he; "this is all vastly fine, I assure you ; but, for all you are my wife, you shan't turn old Barbara away. I only pay her a pound a year for wages, and I should have to pay two, or perhaps three, to any other, now that there is a fine lady to be waited on."'

' Meaning you, my dear, I suppose,' exclaimed Miss Hog, with a look of sympathy.

' Yes, my dear, exactly so ; but I said to him I wouldn't be waited on by a dirty old woman who went about barefoot. " Then wait on yourself, my dear," he said, with a most provoking grin. " Well, sir," I said, " you may stand grinning there like an oaf, but if you think I married you to turn myself into a cook-maid, or any other maid, you are vastly mistaken." Upon this the



wretch made me an impudent bow, and he said, with a most provoking grin, "Madam, you will tear your fan if you do not moderate your airs, and fans cost money, my dear."'

'Oh, Gemini!' exclaimed Miss Hog, piously lifting up her eyes, 'what a worldly man! how he must worship Mammon! When I was in London a few years ago, my dear, and visited the Tabernacle, to listen to the inspired words of that heavenly man Mr. Whitefield, he told us how his followers must have a great contempt for the world, and despise all worldly goods, and have more religion, more divine inspiration, more charity than——'

The teachings of this heavenly man, as propounded by Miss Hog, not exactly suiting the tastes and inclinations of the irritated bride, she interrupted her Methodist, but certainly not peacemaking or charitable friend, exclaiming :

'Yes, I said to him, "I would not turn myself into a cook-maid, or any other maid;

did you ever presume to think I should?" Upon this he said, more insolently than ever, "Your servant, ma'am, your servant. I' faith, I thought nothing at all about it before we were married; but I protest, ma'am, that from what I have seen since, I should never for a moment imagine that you would be half so useful a creature as a cook-maid."'

'Hey-day! Marry come up!' interposed Miss Hog.

'And then he said,' continued the afflicted bride, "'That reminds me to say that I'll have no French cookery under my roof, ma'am, so you need give no more directions to Barbara about your kick-shaws. I'll have a singed tup's head for dinner to-day." I vow and protest, my dear Miss Hog, that I felt quite overcome by the bare mention of such a coarse dish. Was there ever such a poor unhappy creature!'

And here Mrs. Glen applied her scented handkerchief to her nose, as though the fumes of a singed tup's head were even

then rising up to distress her olfactory organs.

‘I vow I feel quite sickly,’ continued the lady in a murmur, ‘and I think a glass of canary would refresh me. Bless me, my dear Miss Hog, I had quite forgot to offer you one before. Pray pardon my forgetfulness.’

Miss Hog making no objection to the proposed glass of canary, Barbara was summoned by the ringing of a hand-bell, and she presently appeared. Poor Barbara was certainly by no means a neat or pleasing specimen of her class. She was a tall, gaunt old woman, with a wrinkled face, and a tangled mass of red hair hanging over her forehead. The skirt of a dirty old homespun gown, pinned up in a sort of festoon, showed an equally dirty and ragged linsey-woolsey petticoat, and this latter being somewhat short, exposed to view her red ankles and large splay feet, bare, as was the custom with Scotch servants. As she entered the room, she was in the act of fastening on a blue check

apron, possibly with a view of making a better appearance before the lady's visitor ; the apron, however, was not two degrees cleaner than the gown.

'Bring in some canary and the little cakes in the store-cupboard,' said Mrs. Glen, giving a bunch of keys to the maid.

'I pity you, my dear,' exclaimed the peace-making Miss Hog, holding up her hands in horror when Barbara had disappeared. 'I vow and protest, I marvel how a young, charming creature like you can endure the sight of such a dirty, wretched object about you.'

'I shall not do so long, I vow,' replied Mrs. Glen emphatically ; 'either she goes or I. Deuce take me, if I don't !'

'La, my dear ! surely you are not thinking of leaving Dr. Glen !' exclaimed the amiable and sympathizing spinster, 'though I vow and protest, my dear, that seeing what maggots have struck his crown, and what wretches men are, you would be mighty miserable with him. But, my dear, I fear to ask you

about your carriage,' she added, looking inquiringly at her friend.

'Oh, the wretch! I have been scurvily used! But deuce take me if it was not a mighty whimsical affair,' responded Mrs. Glen, with a bitter, sarcastic little laugh.

'La, my dear,' exclaimed Miss Hog, 'I hope that you have not been disappointed. I vow I was quite envious when I thought how you would drive about to take an airing in an elegant new chariot and equipage of your own. I vow and protest, my dear, I was indeed envious;' and here the spinster laughed a little laugh, but it was one of inward satisfaction, as she thought that her dear friend could not boast of possessing a carriage any more than she herself could. 'But, my dear,' added Miss Hog, with an affected little simper, 'I vow I have been so silly as almost to regret my obduracy in not listening to the addresses of any of my many admirers, and I assure you some of them were gentlemen of consideration, and kept splendid equipages.'

‘Oh, Gemini! An they were all like Captain O’Flaherty, you needn’t regret ’em, my dear Miss Hog,’ replied Mrs. Glen, with a most provoking smile; for that lady was quite astute enough to read in the expression of her friend’s countenance the inward satisfaction she felt on perceiving that there was something amiss about the carriage, and, therefore, in revenge, the young bride did not scruple to make this stinging remark, with very cruel indifference to the most tender feelings of her dear friend, who, as it was well known, had been assiduously courted by the Hibernian son of Mars, under the impression that she had a fine fortune, and had been ruthlessly abandoned by her false lover for a richer prize. ‘But I really have got a carriage,’ continued the provoking Mrs. Glen, with a little laugh. ‘Are you not delighted, my dear?’ she asked, laughing more merrily. ‘I vow and protest you look quite glad.’

In truth, Miss Hog’s face ostensibly fell. This amiable lady loved her friend, in a

fashion ; but her love did not extend so far as to cause her to rejoice in the fact of that friend driving about in her carriage, whilst she, Miss Hog, must perforce walk, or be indebted to her brother for a carriage airing. Perceiving the amiable lady's discomposure, Mrs. Glen cheered her by suddenly crying out, with a shrill laugh, in which merriment was mingled with indignation :

‘Yes, my dear, a carriage — but no horses !’

Miss Hog opened her eyes very wide, and asked, in a tone of amazement, ‘La, Mrs. Glen ! What is the use of a carriage without horses ?’

‘My dear, that is just what I asked the wretch, and this was his answer : “That’s more than I bargained for. I promised a carriage, and there it is ; but I promised no horses, neither shall you have them.”’

Miss Hog had not finished her denunciations of the doctor’s abominable duplicity, and of this act of duplicity in particular, when the door opened and Barbara entered

with the wine and cakes placed in the middle of a large old paste-board tray, but her foot catching in a rag in the carpet, made her stumble, and caused the tray to oscillate so violently, that had not Miss Hog caught the decanter, it would have fallen to the ground, a fate which actually befell some of the cakes. Barbara, however, with fingers not wholly guiltless of dirt, picked up the fallen cakes and placed them on the plate along with the rest, observing that they were 'nane the waur;' then, perceiving that the rim of the plate which she had placed before Miss Hog was not quite clean, she took it up and rubbed it with her dirty apron, and with great composure placed it before that lady, who looked on in mute astonishment.

'Go out, Barbara, and bring another plate,' said Mrs. Glen, in a sharp tone, to her maid.

'He says I want to revolutionize his house,' exclaimed Mrs. Glen, when the door had closed upon Barbara; 'so I do, and I think there is need of it, and if I



can't, I vow I'll leave it. I have made up my mind to that, and I'll soon have a plain understanding with him.'

'Indeed, my dear, I would lose no time in speaking to him, and I would raise a hornet's nest about his ears,' replied Mrs. Glen's amiable adviser.

'This very day, if I can see him,' replied Mrs. Glen, fanning herself in nervous vexation, 'for he is either visiting his patients or some of the taverns, either "Fortune's," or "Johnnie Dowie's," or most likely "Summers'," in that nasty Jackson's Close, where he can get a warm dinner and a bottle of claret for "two placks," to use his own words. Is not this a mighty charming way for a poor unhappy creature to spend her honeymoon?'



## CHAPTER XIII.

### JOHNNIE DOWIE'S TAVERN.

‘WALK in, gentlemen ; there's plenty o corn in Egypt.’

Such was the greeting addressed by Johnnie Dowie himself to Tony Witham and Charlie Macdonald, as they strolled, arm-in-arm, up to the door of his tavern, on the evening of the day to which we have referred in our last chapter ; and it was the greeting he usually accorded to his friends.

This tavern was a place of old standing, and particularly celebrated for the excellence of its ale, ‘Nor'-Loch’ trout, and Welsh rabbits. It was situated in a narrow alley, called Libberton's Wynd ; but alas !

the quaint old wynd, once one of the chief thoroughfares from the Cowgate to the High Street, exists no longer, having been swept away, years ago, by the inevitable march of modern improvement.

The tavern, which also went by the name of 'The Mermaid,' both as to internal and external appearance, wore an unpromising aspect. The principal room, which looked into the wynd, was capable of containing about fourteen persons ; but all the other rooms were so small, that not above six could be stowed into each ; and so dingy and dark were they, that even in the broad day they had to be lighted up by artificial means. What contributed, however, in no small degree, to the popularity of 'Johnnie Dowie's Tavern,' unquestionably was, in the first place, the good cheer which his house afforded ; and in the second, his own tact and address. He was uniformly attentive and obliging, and ever the sleekest and kindest of landlords. Nothing could equal the benignity of his smile when he brought in a bottle of ale to a company of

well-known and friendly customers ; but never had he smiled more benignantlly than he did as he welcomed Tony Witham back to Auld Reekie.

Yes, Tony Witham was back again ; neither London air nor London society suited him ; fashionable amusements were as little to his taste as was the atmosphere of the thronged rooms in White's Chocolate House, in St. James's Street, that fashionable resort of the wits, the gamesters, and the ' boys of quality ' of the period, where play ran high, and the rattle of the dice-box resounded, and where many a fine estate changed owners after a game at piquet ; and lastly, where our friend the new-married Captain Edmondston so much loved to be. Yet Tony had been caressed and made much of, for he was lively and cheerful, handsome, with a fair estate, so that match-making mammas laid traps for him, whilst more than one young heart beat quicker when the tall, broad-shouldered figure of the young Westmoreland squire was seen towering a full head

above many of the beaux and pretty fellows by whom he was surrounded. But Tony Witham passed scatheless through the ordeal. He seemed proof against the tender passion, though brimful of affection and endearing qualities ; and undeterred by his mother's entreaties, he left London and repaired to Birkswick, where two or three rooms were fitted up for his reception, and where he was received with heartfelt joy by our old acquaintance Lamb, the steward.

He stayed some weeks in the dear old home of his fathers, and then, urged by a strong desire to see Charlie Macdonald again, and the old city which he loved so well, he set off to Edinburgh. He had left London laden with messages for friends in Scotland, his intention of revisiting the Scotch metropolis being well known. Winnie, especially, had burthened him with labour of this sort, and had impressed upon him how, to each one of her acquaintance, he must bear kind and loving greeting from her ; but somehow,

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though Charlie Macdonald was named last in the list, Tony went away with the impression that should he forget all his messages, it would not matter so long as he remembered that last one.

But we have left Johnnie Dowie standing a long while at his tavern-door, and now we will follow him upstairs to the room looking on the wynd, and into which he ushered the two friends.

Several of our old acquaintance were here gathered together, they being in the habit of meeting almost nightly in this tavern, the very focus of excellent cheer and agreeable company. There were there the Laird of Kincraigie and Colquhoun Grant, W.S., and a professional brother of the latter, one William Macpherson, who also wrote W.S. after his name, and whom we may meet hereafter ; a batch of young doctors, in the persons of our friends Dr. Francis Home and the *two failosophers*, Dr. James Hutton and that lover of music and the song the affable Dr. Joseph Black, already distinguishing himself in

the science of chemistry ; the merry Sandy Monro, ere long to become the assistant of his eminent father in the anatomical chair of the Edinburgh University, and to be styled Monro *Secundus* ; Bailie Lothian, and Captain Pitcairn, and last, though certainly not the least in convivial importance, one Tam Neil, of whom we shall presently speak.

Very warm and hearty were the greetings which Tony received from the assembled gentlemen, with all of whom he was a prime favourite, after which Johnnie Dowie invited them to the table, inquiring at the same time what they would have, 'crum' o' tripe, a fluke, or whitin'.'

'My freend Dr. Black, wha, as we a' ken, is a failosopher,' interposed the laird, as with a smile on his face he glanced at the doctor, 'wad recommend ye to try a dish o' snails, whilk he maintains are nutritious, wholesome, and even sanative articles of food.'

Dr. Black nodded his head and laughed, and Johnnie Dowie, not comprehending

the allusion made by Kincraigie to the philosophers' feast, exclaimed :

‘Hech, laird, but ye’re aye fond o’ crack-ing your jokes.’

Tony and Charlie, however, having but just come from the widow Gillespie’s, where they had dined rather late, declined any further refreshment, and contented themselves with asking for a bottle of Edinburgh ale.

‘Hech, sirs,’ said Kincraigie, addressing the two young men, ‘an ye had come a bit sooner, ye wad hae heard Tam sing *The Auld Man’s Wish*, whilk guid sang is specially applicable to ane o’ oor freends wha has gotten his wish, though I dinna ken, noo that he has gotten it, that he wad nae be mair content withoot. But,’ continued the laird, heaving a deep sigh, ‘I’m afeared I shall never get my dearest wish.

Here let us pause to say a few words about the singer of ‘*The Old Man’s Wish*.’

Tam Neil, the son of song, possessed greater local notoriety in his time than any man in Edinburgh. Tam was a precentor

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in the Old Church, and the clear, strong, musical voice with which he was endowed peculiarly adapted him for the kirk-desk ; and no derogatory tongue ever dared to say that he did not always begin and lead the tune of a hymn and perform the duties of his office efficiently, regularly, and with propriety. But there was a solemnity in the walls of a church and a dulness in the long faces of a Presbyterian congregation which by no means comported with his own mirth-creating features. It was in the tavern, then, that Tam was glorious. There, in giving due effect to some humorous Scotch ditty, his whole powers of music and mimicry found ample scope ; but Tam could also sing with great pathos many of the most pathetic national melodies, though in truth he had not a heart for sadness. His facetious talents furnished him with a ready passport to all classes of society, and thus it happened that he not unfrequently participated in the convivial evening gatherings at Dowie's Tavern.

In some measure, however, Tam's talents

proved destructive of his industry, and he often felt the 'pinging' gnawings of an empty pocket. He was a journeyman wright by trade, and worked for many a day, even after he became precentor. Finally, he set up in a small way for himself, coffins being his staple manufacture, though he could not properly be considered as belonging to the trade of an undertaker.

'What old friend do you refer to, sir?' asked Tony, when the laughter which seemed to be excited by the laird's speech had subsided.

'Hoot, laddie! Wha the deil sud I refer to but auld Dr. Glen? Hae ye no heard o' his marriage, whilk everybody talks o'?'

'You forget, sir,' interposed Charlie Macdonald, 'that Mr. Witham only arrived from Westmoreland yesterday.'

'Sae I dae; sae I dae; I didna think o' it,' replied Kincraigie. 'Aweel, ye maun ken, Tony, that 'tis but a week to-morrow sin' the doctor made an old gaupus and sumph o' himsel', and took unto him a

second wife at his time o' life; ye ken the leddie weel yoursel', Mr. Tony; can ye guess?

'I'll wager a bottle of ale I can guess who the lady is,' said Witham, laughing, as Johnnie Dowie appeared in the doorway with some bottles under his arm.

'I'll tak' your wager,' shouted Sandy Monro. 'Now tell us who the bride is,' he added, whilst the company looked eagerly at Tony.

'Why, Miss Hog, to be sure. A lady so well trained to the thrift of her brother's household must be just the wife to suit Dr. Glen.'

'You owe me a bottle, Witham,' vociferated Sandy Monro, amidst the laughter of the guests.

'Tony, I am ashamed of your lack o' penetration,' observed Kincraigie, assuming a grave air. 'Dinna ye ken that when a man marries in his auld age he aye chooses a verra young wife?'

'And who is the bride?' asked Tony.

'Wha but Miss Dundas!' replied Mr.

Colquhoun Grant ; 'a lassie as thriftless as the doctor is saving. A' Edinboro kens that ever sin' the day after the wedding she has done nocht but fash him wi' her extravagances, and he looks a changed man already. Puir chiel ! I pity him maist sincerely.'

Saying this, Mr. Colquhoun Grant heaved a deep sympathetic sigh, which excited not a little the merriment of his friends, who knew him to be almost as parsimonious and saving as the doctor himself. The compassionate Writer to the Signet, however, casting a glance of reproof at the laird and Sandy Monro, who were the most demonstrative in their mirth, immediately added :

'I am mickle feared the doctor winna be lang-leev'd.'

'Hech, sirs !' exclaimed Tam, unable to restrain his drollery, spite of this very grave remark of Mr. Grant, 'when I met Dr. Glen in the Grass Market yesterday, I thocht he smelt sair o' fir. Noo, that's an unco curiose faynomenon.'

This professional sally of the coffin-builder was received with much laughter; and when it had ceased, Johnnie Dowie, with great formality, drew the corks from some of the bottles he had brought in with him, filled all the glasses with much precision, and then, having drunk the healths of all present in the first glass, retired, as his patrons called it, with *douce civility*.

‘Come now, Tam, give us your *Thrifty Sang*,’ said Dr. Black.

In compliance with this request, Tam Neil, in his own inimitable manner, at once began, first clearing his throat with a preliminary hem, and then with a draft of Johnrie Dowie’s good ale :

“Sweet sir, for your courtesie, when ye come by the  
Bass, then,  
For the love ye bear to me, buy me a keeking-glass,  
then.”

“Keek into the draw-well, Janet, Janet,  
And there ye’ll see your bonnie sel’, my jo, Janet.”

“Keeking in the draw-well clear, what if I should  
fa’ in, then ?  
Syne a’ my kin will say and swear, I drowned  
mysel’ for sin, then.”

"Haud the better by the brae, Janet, Janet ;  
Haud the better by the brae, my jo, Janet."

"Good sir, for your courtesie, coming through Aber-  
deen, then,  
For the love you bear me, buy me a pair o' shoon,  
then."

"Clout the auld, the new are dear, Janet, Janet ;  
A'e pair may sair ye ha'f a year, my jo, Janet."

"But what if dancing on the green, and skipping  
like a maukin,  
If they should see my clouted shoon, of me they  
will be taukin'."

"Dance aye laigh, and late at e'en, Janet, Janet,  
Syn'e a' your faults will no be seen, my jo, Janet."

"Kind sir, for your courtesie, when ye gae to the  
cross, then,  
For the love ye bear to me, buy me a pacing horse,  
then."

"Pace upon your spinnin'-wheel, Janet, Janet ;  
Pace upon your spinnin'-wheel, my jo, Janet."


When the applause called forth by the  
*Thrifty Sang*, and the droll manner in  
which Tam sang it, had died away, the  
laird asked the company with great solem-  
nity if they hadna heerd o' the extraordinary  
spirit of thrift whilk Dr. Glen had mani-  
fested upon the death of his first wife.

Many of them professing ignorance on this point, Kincraigie said :

‘Aweel, gentlemen, I hae been tauld upon verra guid authority that sae sune as the puir leddy had expired, our freend the doctor, in order to lessen the funeral expenses on this melancholy occasion, ran about frae ane end o’ the city to t’ither, to see if he could anywhere procure a second-hand coffin.’

This announcement was received with cries of ‘Oh! oh!’ from the laird’s auditors and shouts of derisive laughter, which increased tenfold when Tam Neil’s voice was heard exclaiming above the din :

‘Hech, sirs! ’tis a’ as true as death; for the doctor came to me and said, “Tam,” says he, “I wad like ye to bury my puir wife, but I maun hae nae useless spending o’ siller. I’ll hae nae feasting at siccan unseasonable time, and nae coaches—ilka body maun gang on foot—and nae weepers and lang bits of crape dangling frae our hats, for I’m sair sweer’d to waste siller; and, Tam,” he said, and then he lowered his



voice a wee bit, and luk'd around to see if onybody was nigh, "could ye get a coffin that isna a'thegither new?"'

Now the laird, having put forward as a joke the story of the second-hand coffin, was little prepared to find his jest so aptly substantiated, though a glance at the twinkle in Tam Neil's eyes convinced him that the merry coffin-maker's version of the affair was as apocryphal as his own.

'Tis verra weel to talk and mak' a jest o' our friend's parsimony,' observed Dr. Hutton, with his usual unaffected simplicity of manner; 'but Dr. Glen is verra liberal in some things—mair sae, indeed, than ithers folks; and forbye, he is a regular attendant at the kirk'—and here the speaker glanced slily at Colquhoun Grant, who, being inclined towards Episcopacy, or, as the Presbyterians styled it, Black Prelacy and Erastianism, was deemed by many to be somewhat of a backslider, so far as the kirk was concerned—'and he always contributes to the plate.'


'Yes,' interposed Bailie Lothian; 'and



that his charity on sic occasions may be duly appreciated by those in attendance, instead of throwing his halfpence in the usual careless way into the plate, he piles them up into ane solid tall column of copper, and gently places it doon sae as to be a conspicuous monument of his benevolence. I hae handed the plate round mysel' mony a time, sae I sud ken.'

'This is a' verra uncharitable talk,' remarked Dr. Hutton, in a mild tone of rebuke; 'and ye suldna forget that he is, at ony rate, a public-spirited man—witness his gift o' the bell to the governors of the Orphan Hospital.'

''Twas a' vanity, and his fame is literally sounded through the city,' said Colquhoun Grant, laughing; 'but lest ony ane sud be ignorant o' the gift,' continued the Writer to the Signet, who, bent on indulging in a little innocent amusement, mischievously, in proportion as the mild Dr. Hutton lauded up Dr. Glen, cried him down, 'the guid man takes care, whenever he is in company, and happens to hear it ring, to



advert to its fine tone, and just to lead the way to a narrative o' his generosity.'

'That's perfectly true,' remarked Sandy Monro ; ' I have never been with him yet, when the bell has rung, but he has managed to sound forth his own generosity, and bring in that 'twas he who gave it.'

' I'll bet you a bottle of ale, Mr. Monro, that he says nocht of it the nicht sud he drop in here,' said Bailie Lothian, who, knowing that the bell would not ring at that time of night, felt pretty sure of his bet.

' I take the bet,' replied Monro carelessly.

The door opening at this moment, and Johnnie Dowie ushering in no less a person than Dr. Glen himself, an end was thus put to the discussion on the doctor's thrift.

Dr. Glen's young bride had not been altogether wrong in detailing his movements to her friend Miss Hog, for her loving and attentive spouse had, as she surmised would be most likely, dined and drunk his claret at Summers's Tavern for

*twa placks*; but as we now see, instead of finding his way from that place home to his expectant wife, he had dropped into Johnnie Dowie's Tavern.

When the doctor was seated, the laird and the rest of the company made polite inquiries after Mrs. Glen.

'She's weel eneuch,' replied the doctor, in a tone of profound indifference.

'I hae heerd,' said the laird, with an air of anxious solicitude, 'that your guid leddy was speering for some new chairs and couches, whilk sud be carved and gilt, and covered wi' damask cushions. A freend o' mine has just sic a set o' furniture for disposal.'

'Indeed!' replied the doctor very fiercely; 'then he may keep 'em for me. Zounds! nae gilded chairs will come into my parlour, I promise you.'

'Tam,' said Sandy Monro, addressing Neil in a coaxing tone, 'gie us the "Bonny Christ Church Bells;" the laird and Mr. Witham will join you.'

Tam winked, for he instantly perceived

Sandy Monro's drift in asking for the song of the bells, and at once consented to take the second voice in the catch, whilst Kincaigie and Witham took respectively the first and third :

1. 'Hark ! the bonny Christ Church bells, one, two,  
three, four, five, six, they
2. Hark ! the first and second bell, that ev'ry day at  
four, and
3. Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small bell at nine, to  
call the bearers home ;
1. 'Sound so wondy great, so wondrous sweet, and  
they trou! so merrily, merrily.
2. Ten cries Come, come, come, come, come to prayers ;  
and the verger troops before ye dean.
3. But the dev'l a man will leave his can till he hears  
the mighty Tom.'

Long and loud was the applause which greeted the termination of the catch, for Tam Neil had displayed with wonderful effect the compass and harmony of his voice ; and so peculiar was the volubility of his tongue that his audience almost fancied they could hear the very chiming of the merry bells.

'I suppose ye'll hae heerd the bell o'

the Orphan Hospital?' said Dr. Glen, addressing Tony Witham.

That gentleman replied at once in the affirmative, casting, as he spoke, a mischievous glance at Bailie Lothian, and giving a sly nod at Sandy Monro.

'D'ye like the tone?' asked Dr. Glen.

'Indeed, sir, no one can mislike it,' replied Tony; 'it is a fine bell, and an honour to the city.'

'Ay, ay,' responded the doctor, with a look of great complacency; 'I'll tell you what, sir: when I had made up my mind to mak' the governor a present of a bell, I said to myself, "Though it will cost a hantle o' siller, I'll hae the best that can be gotten; I'll no do it by halves."'

'And so you gave the bell, sir!' exclaimed Tony. 'Ads my life, but 'twas most generous! and the action shows you to be a man of public spirit. I must drink your health, sir.'

'I'll join you,' interposed Sandy Monro; 'and,' he added, addressing Bailie Lothian,

‘I’ll trouble ye, Bailie, for that bottle o’ Edinburgh ale.’

There was a merry laugh at this request, in which all joined save Dr. Glen, who looked a little puzzled, not knowing what it was that caused the hilarity of the company; but Bailie Lothian knew too well that it was at his expense, though he also joined in the laugh. And so the evening wore away amidst songs and jokes and merriment till the city drum was heard, which warned the guests that their hour for breaking up had come, and Johnnie Dowie was summoned, and the usual request of what was to pay was made to him.

In this room, as in all the other apartments of the tavern, there was a small shelf whereon Dowie placed the bottles as he emptied them, in order to enable him to make up the reckoning. Before his entrance, however, Tony and Sandy Monro had dexterously conveyed two of the bottles from the shelf and deposited them in Dr.

Glen's capacious coat-pockets, unperceived by that worthy gentleman.

'Weel, gentlemen, let me see,' said Dowie, reconnoitring the shelf—'eleven bottles! Ye've dune nae amiss the nicht.'

'That's queer now! I could hae sworn we had had thirteen,' remarked Sandy Monro very solemnly; 'for I was reckon-ing them up mysel', and I thocht 'twas an uncanny number.'

'Aweel, I see nae mair than eleven,' replied Dowie, with a puzzled look.

'Ye'll no hae put ane or twa in your pocket by mistake, doctor,' asked Monro, with impudent effrontery.

'What the deil, sir! what wad ye insinuate?' exclaimed Glen, in an indignant tone; but at the same moment, instinctively placing his hand in one of his pockets, to his amazement he felt a real tangible bottle, which he drew out amidst the laughter of the company.

The wrath of the doctor was soon converted into a laugh at the trick, and Dowie took, as was his wont, in perfect good-

humour the jokes which his younger guests often played upon him. The two delinquents on this occasion, however, called for as many bottles of ale as would furnish the company, the worthy host included, with glasses round ; whilst Tam, in his clearest notes, sang a stave of a convivial song of the day, between the lines of which he interposed a pantomimic demonstration which greatly amused the company :

‘ The miser may be pleased with gold ’—

here Tam nodded at Dr. Glen, exclaiming,  
‘ Your good health, sir !’

‘ The sporting beau with pretty lass ’—

and here the singer, looking at the younger guests, and taking a draught from his glass, said, ‘ Here’s to ye, gentlemen :

‘ But I’m best pleased when I behold  
The nectar sparkling in the glass,’

with which concluding words of the song Tam drained off his glass, and all the company took their departure from Johnnie Dowie’s Tavern.





## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE BASS FIDDLE.

ABOUT twenty minutes after Tam Neil had left the tavern in Libberton Wynd, he, in company with his apprentice Jock, was walking at a smart pace along the road to Duddingston village, the former carrying on his shoulder some object in a bag, which, though somewhat bulky, was of no great weight, and the form of which appeared to be oblong.

The moon had risen, and in its pure, pale light Salisbury Crags, a bold and lofty amphitheatre of precipitous rocks, stood out clearly defined against the starlit sky, Tam and his companion, striding along in the King's Park, being the only moving objects

in the still landscape. The footpath they were pursuing was at the bottom of a steep green slope, over which towered the gigantic crags. Gradually the wide sweep of green turf grew narrower and narrower, till there rose up, in massive grandeur—hewn out, as it were, by Nature's hand—a mighty range of basaltic columns of rock, some groups upright, and commonly known by the name of Samson's Ribs; others lying horizontally, and presenting their ends to the spectator; whilst the lofty summit of Arthur's Seat, at a dizzy height above, looked down like some huge lion couchant, his broad back cut sharp and decided against the sky, watching for his prey in the still, sleeping landscape beneath. Soon passing from betwixt the walls of rock that hemmed them in on either side, the two pedestrians stood within view of that beautiful sheet of water the Duddingston Loch. So still and calm was the night that scarce a ripple broke the glassy surface of the lake stretched out like a large extended sheet of crystal, in which the roman-

tic little Norman church and the branches of the trees growing down to the water's edge were shadowed forth in the moonlight.

A few moments' more walking brought Tam Neil and his apprentice into the quaint-looking village itself, the grey walls of its old church and houses looking pale in the moonbeams, whilst many a noble forest tree stretched its huge branches forth in the ghostly light, like so many grisly monster arms.

Very close to the pretty grass-grown footpath, from which Tam Neil had emerged, stood a small inn; and as the apprentice paused for a moment to readjust his load, voices from within were heard which showed that its inmates were still astir.

Now, though Tam had been, as we have seen, plentifully regaled at John Dowie's, his brisk walk and the sharp frosty night air made him suddenly conceive an irresistible longing for another glass, and accordingly he entered the public-house, bidding Jock follow.

Calling for a gill of the best ale, or yill,

as he called it, Tam stepped into a little room on the left of the entrance, where he found, somewhat to his surprise, two well-known acquaintances, namely, Captain Pilans and Daft Jamie.

The former was seated at the table, gazing vacantly, and with a very melancholy aspect, at an empty glass before him; whilst Jamie, with a countenance expressing also deep dejection, sat cowering over the fire, still fully equipped in his crape cravat and weepers, showing that he had that day been in attendance on some funeral. Jamie's lugubrious looks were thus accounted for, and Tam Neil as easily divined the cause of the *ci-devant* brewer's forlorn and melancholy appearance. Tam had known him long, so Tam was not ignorant of his peculiarities; and one notable peculiarity of the worthy brewer was, that whenever he had drunk too freely, he was prone to lament and to shed tears, and to moralize on the shortness and vanity of human life, whilst on such occasions death was his favourite theme.

‘ I didna think I sud hae fallen in wi’ sic braw company,’ said Tam with a chuckle, as the landlady placed a foaming glass of her best before Neil, and then served the apprentice, who had modestly placed himself near to Daft Jamie.

‘ Braw company d’ye ca’ it !’ exclaimed the landlady wrathfully, as she whisked some imaginary dust off the table with her apron. ‘ Hech, sirs, I wad be glad to be quit on ’em baith ; but he ’—and here she jerked her thumb towards the inebriated Captain—‘ isna fit to gang hame the nicht, for he was fu’ when he came in here an hour syne, and he could scarce stand on his legs, and yet he wad hae a glass, but as I’m a leevying woman, he shall hae nae mair under my roof ; and as for the puir daftie there, he followed a funeral to Musselburgh, and is sae foot-sair and weary, that ’twad be cruel to bid him gang awa : sae the twa o’ them hae filled my lugs wi’ their keckle and blouterin’ ever sin’ they came in. I ken weel we maun a’ dee, they need nae tell me that, but I dinna fash mysel’ about it

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yet,' added the very logical landlady, tossing her head back and smoothing her gown very complacently, 'seeing that I am nae muckle on the wrang side o' forty.'

'Life is a' a delusion!' exclaimed Pil-lans, dropping a tear, as he shook his glass in a dejected manner, and replaced it on the table with a deep-drawn sigh when he found it was quite empty; 'we are here to-day and gone to-morrow. Noo, here be ane, twa, three, four, five o' us,' he added, counting on his fingers; 'wha shall say whilk ane o' us shall be ca'ed first, or how sune! Perhaps this very nicht the summons may come to your youthfu' 'prentice, Tam Neil, or to ane o' us withered branches.'

'Marry come up! Speak for yoursel',' vociferated the landlady angrily; 'd'ye daur to ca' me a withered branch?'

'It wad be rank heresy an he did,' said Tam, complimenting the landlady at the expense of his veracity, which was very reprehensible, especially in a man exercising the professions of a coffin-maker and a precentor of the Kirk; for though, by her

own assertion, the worthy dame was but little over forty, yet, to judge by her looks, she appeared rather to be on the shady side of fifty.

‘How did he come here?’ asked Tam, glancing first at Captain Pillans, who had now sunk into a sort of dismal reverie, and then at the landlady.

‘Some business had taken him to Newton,’ replied the latter, ‘and on his way home he wad stop here for anither glass, as if he hadna eneuch already. I wadna hae served him, but he was an auld acquaintance of my guid man’s that’s dee’d and gane. Aweel, that’s neither here nor there,’ she added. ‘I maun close the house, and see the fires put oot. Now that I hae naebody to luk after things for me, I maun luk after ‘em mysel’; and ‘tis hard work for a puir lone woman to make the twa ends meet ony way.’

Tam had by this time finished his ale, and was muttering a petition for a ‘wee drappie mair’; but upon this hint from the landlady of shutting up, he prepared to

take his departure, and as a preliminary, began to explore his unfathomable pockets for the odd sixpence upon which he had speculated, but not a bodle was there.

The puir lone woman meantime watched these proceedings of her guest with an air of angry misgiving, to which Tam responded by one of astonishment, though secretly he quailed under that searching glance of the widow whose substance he had been consuming.

‘Tis verra awkward, ma’am, seeing that ye dinna ken me, but I’m feared I hae come frae hame withoot siller. Noo, gin Captain Pillans,’ he added, looking at that worthy, who was just gazing at him with lack-lustre eyes, ‘werena sae fu’, he wad pay this sma’ trifle o’ siller for me at ance ; but I’ll luk in and pay ye as I return frae Easter Duddingston ; I shall nae be lang.’

‘Nae, nae ; I’ll hae nae sic a thing,’ replied the landlady, putting her arms akimbo, and speaking in a tone which showed that if she were a puir lone woman, she knew well how to stand up for herself.



‘I dinna get my drink for naething, and I canna let it gang i’ that gait.’

‘But, ma’am, I hae nae intention o’ defrauding you,’ exclaimed Tam; ‘d’ye think a respectable citizen, and a precentor forbye, wad mak’ a rogue o’ himsel’ for sic a trifle? I tell ye I shall be back frae my errand before you are in bed; and I’ll gie ye ninepence by way o’ interest, ’steed o’ saxpence.’

‘Ye haena the air o’ a respectable citizen, let alane a precentor o’ the Kirk,’ replied the landlady, tossing her head, and surveying Tam in a scornful manner. Indeed, we must confess that her assertion was not altogether unwarrantable, seeing that the worthy precentor had at all times a somewhat rakish appearance, and especially when he had been indulging, as on that night, in an extra glass. ‘A bird in the hand,’ continued the injured lone woman, ‘is worth twa in the bush; gie me the saxpence you owe me.’

‘We maun a’ dee,’ interposed Pillans in a maudlin tone, and shedding tears as he

spoke; 'naked we came into the world, and naked'—a hiccup—'and we canna tak' sae mickle as saxpence oot wi' us.'

'Haud your gab, ye drunken tyke!' exclaimed the landlady fiercely; 'd'ye think I'll let myself be cheated?'

'My dear leddy,' said Tam, in a soothing tone, 'the Captain is quite fu', and kensna what he is prating aboot; but I tell ye, ma'am, I wadna cheat you oot o' this saxpence for a' the world. It wad be a verra base action to wrang you in ony way, seeing that ye are a lone widow, though I am weel sure,' added the cunning rascal, casting an admiring glance at the landlady, 'that wi' sic luiks and sic parts as one may read in your face, ye'll no be muckle longer a widow.'

'If you think you'll get oot o' paying your due by prating i' that nonsensical fashion, ye'll find yoursel' mightily mistaken,' replied the obdurate landlady; 'I want nae fule's talk, but I want my siller.'

Finding that all such flattery was powerless to aid him, Tam now tried threats.

‘Ye hae keepit me here abune half an hour as ’tis, ma’am, and a’ about a wee saxpence. Noo, I tell ye I am gangin’ on a verra important errand, and gin ye hinder me ony longer, I’ll no answer for the consequence, but you may find it a verra serious matter yoursel.’

‘I dinna care a bawbee for your errands. I’ll hae my saxpence,’ replied the angry dame, with the pertinacity of a Shylock demanding his bond.

‘Weel, weel,’ said Tam, with an air of resignation, ‘sin’ ye’re sae doubtful o’ my honesty, as I’m gangin’ to play at a grand dance oot by at Easter Duddingston the nicht, and I was owerlate for it when I first stepped in here, I’ll just e’en leave the case o’ my bass fiddle till I come back.’

This proposal appeared to satisfy the landlady, and Tam, with the aid of his apprentice, soon unbagged—not the case of a bass fiddle—but a coffin.

This unexpected sight produced various effects upon those to whom it was presented. Captain Pillans appeared in no

way disturbed, simply wagging his head and observing to the widow :

‘It’s what we shall a’ come to, suner or later;’ whilst Daft Jamie rose up with a sort of dismal alacrity, as though he saw, in perspective, a funeral which he must prepare to attend. But the landlady, inspired with that feeling of awe, if not of terror, which that emblem of mortality, under such circumstances, was calculated to produce, exclaimed, with unfeigned perturbation :

‘Awa’ wi’ ye, ye gallows-looking black-guard ! gin that be the case o’ your bass fiddle, neither you nor it shall stay a minute langer in my house.’

END OF VOL. II.

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